

# The Listener

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'A mounted Negro kettle-drummer', by Rembrandt: from an exhibition of the drawings and etchings of 'Rembrandt and his Succession,' now on view at the British Museum

In this number:

The New Economics at Westminster (Andrew Shonfield)

The Crisis of Historicism (Geoffrey Barraclough)

The Heart of a King: a Ballad (William Plomer)



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# The Listener

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## The End of Laissez-faire?

ANDREW SHONFIELD on the new economics at Westminster

THE events of 1955 have churned up the ideas of both political parties. In the one case there was the stimulus of the lost general election; in the other there were the difficulties and disappointments of British economic policy in a boom year. The process is more obvious on the left, where even the smallest intellectual movement usually produces plenty of white froth on the surface. The right, on the other hand, tends to operate in a more discreet fashion; and that makes some people believe that the leadership does not think seriously on such matters as economic policy at all. This is far from the truth. But in order to find out what is really happening to Conservative thinking, the observer usually has to dive well below the surface.

There are two difficulties about following the movement of ideas on the right in Britain: first, only a small number of people, concentrated at the top of the political hierarchy, are involved; and many of those who are would be surprised to hear their activities described by the word 'ideological'. Secondly, the manner of discussion when the issues are made public is so immensely polite that the unwary might well believe that no intellectual disagreements were even possible among people of this kind—that they regard politics as an entirely practical art in which ideas have no place other than as tools for making day-to-day decisions of a strictly practical character.

In fact, the first four years of tory rule since 1951 suggest that the modern Conservative leaders are at least as interested in economic principles and doctrines, in theory in its broadest sense, as the leadership of the British Labour Party. Let me try to sum up, briefly and crudely, what I believe to have been the central theme of tory economic policy during the initial period of Conservative rule from 1951 to 1955. It was to compel the state to retreat from the dominant position which it occupied astride the economy at the end of the period of a Labour Government, and to replace its activities wherever possible by market forces. The Conservatives took the state out of the import business, where it had been, under Labour, the world's biggest bulk

purchaser. They drastically cut away its activities in the home market—for example, through the wide-ranging attack on subsidies and the abolition of the utility scheme. Meanwhile, they have developed the attack on monopolies, which they see as the negation of the beneficent forces of the market. In the international sphere the Conservatives have appeared as the leading exponent of non-intervention by the state in commercial activities of any kind. At the conference of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, and other international occasions, it became a familiar routine for the British delegate to get up and deliver a root-and-branch attack on the principle of import quota restrictions, on government aid to exporters, and on bilateral trading of any kind. Foreigners came to expect a certain doctrinal extremism from Conservative Britain, a self-righteousness almost, as the only true believers in the almost forgotten gospel of economic freedom.

Finally, the crown of the whole structure which the Conservatives were systematically building was to be currency convertibility. This would take the state right out of the business of foreign exchange control, and expose the British economy without any form of artificial protection to the changing pressures of the international market. Here, indeed, was the ideal of the 'open economy', regulated automatically by the forces of the world market instead of being forced slowly and ponderously to respond to them.

This broad policy underwent its first severe test in 1955. Until then, everyone had assumed that laissez-faire was automatically compatible with a great many other tory objectives. These included stable prices, lower taxes, high investment at home, a large export of capital to the rest of the sterling area, and, finally, more freedom for both Englishmen and foreigners to spend any sterling that they earned where and how they thought fit. The reason why 1955 has been a year which has given a stimulus to fresh thinking about tory policy is that it has brought out the fact that some of these policies may, and do, conflict. This forced tory leaders to think urgently about priorities. There is, as Labour has found, nothing so intellectually stimulating and emotion-



ally displeasing as a situation of this kind. It imparts a sharpness to the outline of policies and a new cutting edge of doctrinal difference to disputes within the party, which up to this point have been largely personal. That at any rate has been Labour's experience since it faced the problem of priorities in an acute form in 1951, at the time of Mr. Aneurin Bevan's resignation.

### The Banks versus the Treasury

I do not want to suggest that the Conservatives have reached quite this stage of intellectual ferment. But, on the other hand, it would be wrong to dismiss the recent skirmishing between the spokesmen of the City of London—the big bankers—and the Chancellor of the Exchequer as just a light-hearted exchange of pleasantries between friends. When the chairman of one of Britain's greatest banks, Mr. Tuke of Barclays, uses the solemn occasion of his annual address to utter a deliberate catcall at the Treasury—with a description of the main tax measures in Mr. Butler's autumn Budget as 'these two miserable mangy mice'—something is obviously up. Similar feelings of hostility towards the Government's economic measures, if not quite the same metaphorical verve, have emerged from the annual speeches of several of the other City bankers. There is little doubt that these feelings are reciprocated from the other side—that government supporters blame the banks for the failure of the policy of the credit squeeze to produce results fast enough or on a large enough scale. It has even been suggested that a socialist Chancellor like Sir Stafford Cripps received far more co-operation from the banks by wielding the big stick than Mr. Butler ever did.

The bankers, for their part, complain that Mr. Butler treated them just like a socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer—allowing the state to intervene directly in the day-to-day conduct of their business by issuing them with an order to cut down their loans to customers. This happened at the end of July 1955, and the date now appears in retrospect as a turning point in policy. The use of the directive to the banks was a major deviation from the doctrine of letting the market do the job, with the Government applying whatever pressures were necessary through the market. How important a shift this was in the direction of policy can be seen by considering briefly the Budget that preceded it and the one that followed it.

It was clear at the time that the soft April Budget, which provided a net addition to purchasing power, could be justified only on the assumption that the credit squeeze would deal with inflation. The monetary policy, in other words, was regarded as a substitute for the fiscal measures of restraint that would otherwise have been necessary. Pressure applied through the money market, by means of higher rates of interest and so on, was supposed to do the trick. Moreover, a special virtue was claimed for such monetary measures, as compared with the budgetary instruments, in that the former were supposed to work much more quickly and flexibly. The whole operation was, in other words, a perfect example of the way in which the Conservatives brought in market forces as a substitute for direct action by the state. On the other hand, the autumn Budget was an admission, like the directive to the banks, that the market technique by itself had not sufficed. The credit squeeze had now to be reinforced by the familiar post-war method of raising taxes.

So much for the broad question of economic control. There has been an equally important change in Conservative policy on prices. Once again, the extent of the change which has taken place is masked by the characteristic politeness of the contestants and by the fact that the original policy, which is now being modified, was never formulated in such a way as to become part of the doctrinal armoury of the ordinary Conservative politician. Perhaps it was in the nature of the case that it never could become part of popular Tory doctrine. For the basic notion on which Mr. Butler's Budget of last April rested was that higher consumer prices in 1955 would mop up the inflationary money purchasing power, generated by prosperity and rising wages. This was, as he stated explicitly in his Budget speech, one of the reasons for his belief that the rising curve of consumption would flatten out during 1955. In other words, he relied in the spring on higher prices at home to check inflation; and it would hardly have been sensible later in the year to try to hold prices down against the upward pressures of the market. Indeed, it was a nationalised undertaking, the coal industry, which led the way with an extremely sharp increase in its prices last summer. At the time it was openly argued that this was a most important disinflationary measure. And so it was—in the Butlerian sense. However, it is not disinflationary in the current Conservative

terminology as used by Sir Anthony Eden in his speech at Bradford the other day, when he said that the country's real problem was 'the problem of inflation, or, as you and I feel it, rising prices'.

The main theme of Sir Anthony's speech was the need to hold domestic prices down. This is no sudden *volte-face* in Conservative thinking; there has been a growing revolt since the autumn against the Butler policy of giving the forces of supply and demand a free hand in the market to do the job of curbing the consumer by means of higher prices. Yet it would be wrong to suggest that even now any clear-cut line of doctrinal difference had emerged within the party separating the old policy from the new. It is worth observing that, even at the end of October, Mr. Butler still based his chief new measure in the autumn Budget, the increase in purchase tax, on the old disinflationary argument that higher prices are a good way of checking demand.

This is still orthodox doctrine among Conservative economists, whatever the politicians may say. What, these economists ask, is the use of trying to hold down prices, in the face of market forces pressing in the other direction? The market is bound to win in the end; and surely the distinguishing feature of Conservative policy is that it aims to let the economy react easily and flexibly to these forces, instead of trying to hold them back by government decree or moral persuasion, until they break through with explosive power. And what, they ask further, is the Government going to put in the place of higher prices? What other convenient disinflationary mop with the same absorptive capacity can they lay their hands on? After all, the Butler policy has worked in the past year, and the rising trend of consumption has been checked. If an attempt is now made to hold prices stable, with a prospective rise in money wages at least as great as in 1955 before us this year, the result, they argue, will be to draw off a large extra volume of the country's real resources into the home market. And that would make the troubles of 1955 look like a picnic.

There is no need to pursue this argument further. All I want to assert is that there is a genuine difference here on a matter of principle, and that if the price stabilisers, who are now in the ascendant, have their way their efforts will tend to lead in the direction of more government intervention and less *laissez-faire*. That does not mean, of course, that the Conservatives are moving over, lock, stock and barrel, to the socialists. What I am describing is a shift in the emphasis of modern Conservative doctrines, not a counter-revolution. In fact, the thinking behind British conservatism during the first three or four years of office in the nineteen-fifties appears to me to have been often of an especially doctrinaire character. This may have been due to the fact that the Tory policy-makers had so many of the socialists' doctrinaire solutions to undo. Regarding it as their main function to bring Britain back into much closer contact with commercial realities, they tended to become the exponents of the dogma of the market-place.

### Theory and Practice

It should be noticed that other leading practitioners of liberal economics abroad, notably Dr. Erhard in Germany, have been much less rigid in their devotion to market prices. They have also been entirely uninhibited in the use of the full weight of the government's authority to force business men to keep their prices down. The German Minister of Economics, a most outspoken and extreme believer in *laissez-faire* theories, has never let this prevent him from getting his own way by other and more direct means. On the British side, the Conservative policy makers have been much more softly spoken about theory, yet much more inflexible in practice. There are signs that 1955 has already made them a little less doctrinaire in their economic liberalism.

The outside world, which has from the start taken the liberal economic doctrines of the Conservative Government much more seriously than people at home, will probably judge the extent of the retreat by what happens to British policy on sterling convertibility. I do not think

(continued on page 184)

We regret that owing to a dispute in the printing trade we have had to reduce the size of THE LISTENER, and there may be some delay in its delivery this week



# Nigeria—Land of Diversity

By SIR JOHN MACPHERSON

**N**IGERIA is the largest and by far the most populous of Her Majesty's colonial territories. Nigerians and their friends say that it is also by far the most important. What sort of country is it? What are the people like? What does Britain mean to them and what do they mean to Britain and to the Commonwealth?

First of all, physically, Nigeria is a country of great variety—variety of climate and scenery and vegetation. In the south, particularly the coast, it is hot and humid. In the north it is hot and dry—and sometimes very cold at night. Parts of the country are beautiful, and of it has a fascination, but it does not give an impression of tidiness. Much of Africa, indeed, is untidy. In Nigeria, agriculture is carried on by peasant farmers, not by estate cultivation, and the farmland when it fallow is covered with untidy scrub; you look in vain for tidy fields and neat fences or hedgerows. Nor are the towns, on the whole, tidy or beautiful; there is some fine architecture but too often the buildings are ugly and ramshackle. Still, the sun shines; it is warm; and the people laugh and are cheerful.

It is the people who are the most important feature of this country, of most countries. You are at once struck by their vigour, by their



Nigeria's diversity in stages of social and economic development: one of the 'natural rulers' of the north, the Emir of Bida—



—Mr. Justice Olumbuyiwa Jibowu, Judge of the Supreme Court—

immediate response to a friendly greeting, or a joke, and by their number, teeming millions of them. At the last census—four years ago—the count was 32,000,000: the total of the population of Canada, Australia, and South Africa all put together. And of those 32,000,000, only about 16,000 are non-African, mostly British. There are other nationalities, but not in numbers to create any immigration problem.

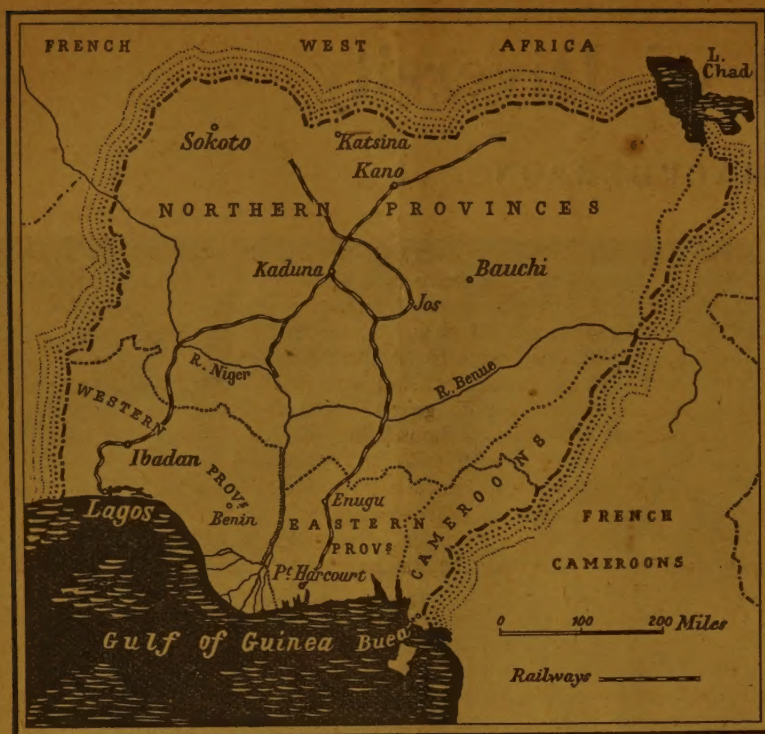
Because of the climate—though West Africa is no longer 'the white man's grave'—there is no white settlement. There are no white Nigerians (except a few honorary ones who are very proud of the title). It is this, more than any other factor, that makes the problems of Nigeria, and of the other British West African territories, different from those of the rest of Africa. The Europeans, whether in government or commerce, or mining or the missions, stay in Nigeria only for their tropical working lives. And because from the beginning of the British administration the land has been held for the people of the country, there is no land-ownership problem.

Although Nigeria is an all-African country there is amongst the people, as with the climate and vegetation, a great diversity: diversity of races, of languages, of religions, of cultures, and local laws, and customs—diversity, most of all, in stages of social and economic development. There are Nigerian Ministers of State, including the three Regional Prime Ministers. There are Chiefs or 'natural rulers'—in the



—and dwellings of pagan villagers in the northern province, built among rocks and protected by cactus hedges





Map of Nigeria

of its crops overseas—mainly to this country. For instance, it sends to Britain enough vegetable oils to supply every man, woman, and child with a cake of soap and a quarter of a pound of margarine every week. Then, at the bottom end of the scale, there are large numbers of sturdy pagans—so called because they are neither Christian nor Moslem—who wear a minimum of clothes and who live in primitive conditions. Some of them are reluctant to come down from their cactus- and rock-protected hill villages to farm permanently on the lower slopes or plains because—and they say this frankly even to Nigerian Cabinet Ministers—they are afraid that if the British left they would again be in danger of enslavement by stronger tribes.

This great diversity is pointed by the fact that there are three separate regions—northern, western, and eastern. These regions, together with Lagos and the Cameroons, make up the Federation of Nigeria. The northern region has three quarters of the area of the country and more than half its population. The dominant religion is Islam and the people have long been ruled under a feudal and theocratic system by their Emirs. In recent years these powerful chiefs have voluntarily relinquished much of their autocratic power. The northern region is backward only in 'western' education. This is because Lord Lugard, the first Governor of the north, promised the Emirs that their religion—Islam—would not be interfered with. And nearly all the education in Nigeria has been provided by the Christian missions. Now, the people of the north desperately want to catch up, and hesitate to become part of a completely self-governing Nigeria until they have caught up.

The western region is the wealthiest of the three, largely because most of the cocoa is grown there. The people have had a long connection with Europe and Europeans. In recent years the people of the region, particularly the Yorubas, have been stirred out of a certain easy-going lethargy under the leadership of an active group of intellectuals who want their people to face the possibility of a challenge from the vigorous people of the East.

The eastern region, unlike the other two, is not at all feudal. Indeed, when the area came under British administration there was scarcely any indigenous authority higher than the head of a small clan. In the eastern region, more emphasis is placed on individual ability. The pressure of population on poor soils has made the dominant tribe—the Ibos, a thrushful people, avid for education and progress of all kinds—want opportunity to live and work in other parts of the country. For this reason they tend to be more in favour of a united Nigeria than the other two regions.

So Nigeria, although all African, is not a homogeneous country. It is, in fact, a British creation. It has been called 'an arbitrary block of

Africa'. With the gradual—or not so gradual—advance towards self-government, the unifying power of Britain, with its beneficent Pax Britannica, gradually releases itself. As this happens, there is a danger that old enmities and new jealousies might break the country apart. To counteract this danger, two things are needed: the first is greater tolerance on the part of the political leaders, particularly those in the regions. Unfortunately, political parties in the past have tended to follow regional boundaries, and the leaders of the three main parties have stayed in their respective regions, as prime ministers, and have not joined the Federal Government. The second thing that is needed is encouragement of the growing but still tender feeling of Nigerian nationhood, a feeling which is strongest in the younger generation of educated Nigerians, and felt most of all by the thousands of Nigerian students in this country and in America.

What of the past, present, and future ties between Britain and Nigeria? Parts of the country have had connections with Europe for centuries. In the far north the connection with North Africa and the Mediterranean, by caravan across the Sahara: in the south with the traders and missionaries. The traders first came looking for gold and ivory, then for slaves, and then for palm oil. Now, there is trade which, with Britain alone, is worth more than £150,000,000 a year. But it was not until the beginning of this century that the whole country came under British control. And it was not until the beginning of 1947 that representatives of northern Nigeria first sat in a Nigerian legislature with their fellows from the two southern regions. Since then, there have been two further constitutional revisions, hammered out by the Nigerians themselves in conference with representatives of the British Government. As a result, Nigeria has come a long way along the road to self-government. Defence and External Affairs remain a British responsibility. The Governor-General of the Federation and the Regional Governors still have reserve powers—seldom or never used. But policy is made by 'Cabinets', presided over by the Governor-General and the Regional Governors, but with a membership that is overwhelmingly Nigerian. And these policy-making bodies are responsible to Legislatures—federal and regional—which consist almost entirely of elected Nigerian representatives.

What of the future? Nigeria is an African country, and cannot be otherwise. It aspires to be a self-governing African country within the British Commonwealth. Her Majesty's Government has said that during this year any region which wants regional self-government can have it, provided that this does not make the smooth working of the Federation impossible. And later this year, there will be yet another constitutional conference at which this question of self-government for Nigeria as a whole will be discussed. But not even the most extreme Nigerian has ever suggested breaking from the Commonwealth, and the ties—historical, cultural, and commercial, as well as common loyalty to the Crown—will not be broken.

### Grounds for Optimism

There are exciting developments in all sorts of fields, but it is the future status of Nigeria that most closely concerns the people of this country. There are those, including some Nigerians, who think the pace of political progress has been too fast and who predict chaos. There are dangers, of course. Apart from the danger of centrifugal tendencies breaking up the country, the other principal danger, in my view, is that not enough British officers will be persuaded to stay on to see to a successful conclusion this exciting experiment in nation building. But in spite of the dangers there are good grounds for optimism. There are the immense resources of the country, human as well as material, and the fact that Nigeria's problems are soluble within her own boundaries. There is the vigour, good humour, and good sense of the people. There is their growing political consciousness, which will be a safeguard against a break-down of parliamentary democracy—not an easy system to operate—and against African dictatorship, or exploitation of Africans by Africans. There has been a surprisingly small degree of tribal disintegration. Native dress is worn proudly, not defiantly, by all classes. And, finally, there is the self-confidence that has been generated by the political advance already made, and the people's trust in the good faith and good intentions of Britain. Nigerians realise clearly that the challenge is squarely upon them, and they are passionately anxious to prove themselves equal to it. There is immense friendliness towards Britain, and an intense loyalty to Her Majesty, which will be shown by the welcome she will be given wherever she goes.—*Home Service*



# The Great Revaluation

JOHN WATSON on the new assessments for rating

**E**XCEPT for farm lands and agricultural buildings which are not rated, and a few other minor exceptions, every occupied building and plot of land in England and Wales has been revalued. The purpose of a revaluation is to bring up to date the assessments on which people pay their share of local rates. Until a few years ago, the making of the assessments was done by the local authorities who spend the money. But since 1950 this job has been entrusted to the Valuation Office of the Inland Revenue, which is independent of the rating authorities, and for more than forty years has valued for the central government for other purposes. The valuation officer makes the assessment; the rating authority or the ratepayer, both, if dissatisfied, can appeal against it.

## Fair Annual Value as Basis

The basis of rating is fair annual value. Most properties have two figures attached to them: gross value and rateable value. The gross value is, in brief, the fair rental value of the property from year to year, assuming an arrangement for the tenant to pay the rates and for the landlord to insure the property and do the repairs. The valuation officer has to imagine your property vacant and to let, with other properties occupied or unoccupied as they may happen to be at the time. He then asks himself 'What rent would a reasonable man pay for this property from year to year, assuming the arrangement I have mentioned—tenant paying rates, landlord doing repairs?' The answer is gross value. The valuation officer has to visualise a free market and ignore, for example, the statutory restriction of rents under the Rent Acts. So if you have a controlled tenancy, or for any other reason your rent is a low one, it is possible that your new gross value will be above the rent you actually pay. It is the full rental value in the market we are concerned with: ground rents and mortgage payments have nothing to do with it. Rateable value, on which you actually pay your rates, is gross value less a deduction fixed by law which is deemed to cover the cost of repairs and so on.

Because of the war, the whole business of reassessment for rates was hopelessly behindhand. The higher assessments we are faced with today ought to have been achieved not by a general revaluation after more than twenty years but gradually by a series of revaluations every five. Although there is nothing new about having a general revaluation, the basis of this one is in one way unique. Parliament provided that all residential properties—that is, private houses and flats—should be valued on one basis; and almost everything else, including shops, offices, hotels, clubs, warehouses, and so on, on another. The first group—private houses and flats—have been assessed not at present-day values but at the rental values they would have had in June 1939, assuming the physical conditions and surroundings were the same then as they are now: today's conditions, but 1939 rental values. All the other properties have been reassessed at today's rental values; they include factories, but these are subject to a special relief from rating. Obviously 1939 values were in the main lower than today's values. That is why, in general, the increases in the rateable values of residential properties are so much smaller than in the case of the others.

## Technical Difficulties

The distinction was said to be due to technical difficulties, but there are people who think that political considerations had something to do with it. There certainly *were* technical difficulties. The assessment of a property is intended to be its fair rental value in a free market. A valuer cannot arrive at a figure of that kind out of his head: valuations—whether of pictures, furniture, livestock, or houses—can be based only on actual market transactions. As far as houses are concerned, there have been few rental transactions in recent years. Owing to the shortage of living accommodation, and more particularly to the operation of the Rent Acts, there has been practically no free market in the letting of house property since 1939.

During and since the war house values have gone what the Americans

would call 'all haywire'. Everyone knows, for example, the marked disparity between the sale price of a house with vacant possession and the amount you will get for an identical house next door with a tenant: the landlord cannot get rid of and whose rent he cannot put up. People nowadays hardly ever want to let their houses: if they can get them empty, they sell them outright. And with no free market in house rents, what has the valuer got to go on? 'Better', said the Government, 'look back at the rents of houses in 1939 and adopt that basis for reassessment'. Not an easy task for the valuer, you may think. The effect of this distinction—residential properties assessed as at 1939, and everything else as at 1956—is to transfer a substantial portion of what is called the 'rate burden' from the shoulders of the private householder to those of the ratepayer who occupies an office, for example, or a shop.

Farm land and agricultural buildings are not rated at all, and factories are given a special relief from rating. Factories, and also transport undertakings, are 'de-rated' under an Act passed in 1929 when it was thought necessary to subsidise agriculture and industry in this way. Factories and transport properties obtain this special relief by actually paying rates on only a proportion of their net assessment. They can get as much as 75 per cent. off. This is at the expense of other ratepayers, and there are people who argue that under present conditions it is no longer justified. The abolition of de-rating has been urged in parliament and the Government is said to be considering it. Meantime, a new form of relief has been given to properties occupied for charitable, educational, and similar purposes. These include playing-fields occupied by clubs and other organisations not conducted for profit. Although on paper their assessments may go up, parliament has decided that at least for the time being they are not to be made to bear more rates than they do now. Few people are likely to object to this.

## If Your Assessment Has Gone Up

If you have been to the town hall and discovered your assessment has gone up, and think it excessive, there is little you can do until after April 1. After that date, you can make what is called a 'proposal' to reduce the new assessment. If you cannot reach agreement with the valuation officer, this will eventually bring you before the local valuation court. The court will hear your case, and if you are dissatisfied with its decision you can appeal to the Lands Tribunal. While your appeal is pending you will not be required to pay any more rates than you have this year.

Between now and April, you may think it wise to take professional advice. But you may decide to wait. So much depends upon the new rate in the £ which your local authority is going to levy: you will know that by April at the latest, and it may mean you are no worse off. Indeed, if you are a private householder, you may be better off. Suppose your present rateable value is £30, and the present rates are 20s. in the £, you have accordingly been paying rates at £30 a year. Now suppose your rateable value has been doubled and has risen to £60, but the rate in the £ falls to 10s.: your rates will still be £30 a year. The first new rate in the £ was announced recently by Coventry city council. Their rate will drop from 23s. 6d., the present figure, to 16s. 3d. Any substantial fall in the rate in the £ depends upon a local authority resisting the temptation to make an increased rateable value an opportunity for extravagance. That is something the electors must watch for.

I mentioned professional advice. You may decide to handle the job on your own. If so, you can get the necessary forms at the office of your local council or from the valuation officer, and although he may not agree with all you say I think you will find the valuation officer helpful. But if you feel this is beyond you, go to a reputable surveyor or estate agent who is qualified to do rating work. Of course there are skilled and experienced people who are not members of the chartered professions, but if you consult a chartered surveyor, chartered land agent, or chartered auctioneer and estate agent, you may expect to get sound advice. If he thinks your new assessment is not fair he can act for you.

—From a talk in the Home Service



# The Listener

## What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Marshal Bulganin's letter

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company

## Interpreting History

**I**N A Third Programme talk (published on another page), which was given the formidable title 'The Crisis of Historicism', Mr. Geoffrey Barraclough, one of the ablest of our professorial historians, discusses and comments upon a recent book by a historian of the previous generation, Sir Maurice Powicke. Sir Maurice, who in his younger days was a patron and exponent of the deepest kind of scholarly history, now has doubts about where the new historical learning is leading. He detects the dangers of an arid professionalism which regards history as made for the historian: 'he sees a growing tendency to regard the mere accumulation of detailed information as an end in itself'. History, he fears, is becoming a branch of 'the science of things which are not worth knowing'. Few people who have interested themselves in the production of history are unaware of the situation. The vast, relentless pouring out of theses, baked or half-baked, from the colleges and universities both in this country and the United States of America, has had a frightening effect. University historians are reluctant to write about long periods or wide subjects lest they should invite the scorn of their colleagues. The accumulation of historical materials and sources has become so enormous that few dare put pen to paper. No Gibbon, Grote, Macaulay, or Von Ranke arises. Masterpieces by writers of quality are abandoned because all the facts are not available or are inaccessible. Yet life is too short (as Lord Acton found) to collect all the facts.

Professor Barraclough believes that 'the fault does not really lie in runaway professionalism' but in the 'whole conception of what history is, and of the nature of the historian's task'. Somewhere a dividing line has to be drawn between chronicle and history. The temptation is always there to say 'let the facts speak for themselves' or 'refuse to generalise'. That temptation is by no means confined to university historians. The so-called 'popular' writers, the classy journalists, if you like, who publish history books, are also frequently unwilling to draw conclusions about the events of the past. They prefer to present a coloured drawing. To Lytton Strachey many of the figures of the past were 'preposterous'; to our less cynical generation they are either gallant or perplexed. And we are invited to turn back with relief from the troubles of modern times to the troubles of the past or, alternatively, to read of an age when all men were believers and when women knew their place. We are just given a story, often 'better than a novel', for novels do not always have plots.

But is not Mr. Barraclough right when he suggests that true history means more than that, that the historian should not merely picture the past, but should try to interpret it? The past does not exist except in our own minds; the past is dead. One wants to know not merely how things happened, but why they happened. The great historians who have stimulated the imagination of mankind are not those who have collected the largest piles of unpublished documents, but those who have had or have discerned a point of view. Where some writers have erred is in having a preconceived point of view. But that is not necessary. What is desirable is that historians should every now and again push aside their card indexes and their photostats, their references and cross-references, and interpret what they have learned for the benefit of the public.

UP TO THE TIME of writing, the only Soviet comment on President Eisenhower's reply to Marshal Bulganin's letter, offering a twenty-year treaty of friendship with the United States, came from Mr. Molotov. Speaking at the Warsaw Treaty conference of Communist Powers in Prague on January 29, the Soviet Foreign Minister declared: 'I cannot understand how anyone can refuse a treaty of friendship'. In his letter published on January 29, President Eisenhower stated that such a treaty would not serve the cause of world peace, since it might create the illusion that a stroke of the pen had achieved a result which, in fact, could be obtained only by a change of spirit. Many western commentators expressed the view that Marshal Bulganin's letter had been timed as an attempt to split Britain and the United States on the eve of Sir Anthony Eden's talks with President Eisenhower. *The New York Times* was quoted as saying that the President's reply had shown that he had not been taken in by the move, and had made it clear that the United States would not accept pious platitudes in place of solid realities.

Commentators in both west and east believed that the Middle East would take priority in the Washington talks. Western commentators did not expect much from the talks in view of America's expected reluctance to enter into any specific commitments in an election year. A Moscow broadcast quoting *Pravda* said that in face of the spreading movement for national independence in the Middle East, Britain and the United States felt the need for some kind of agreement. But, it went on:

At the same time there are the internal contradictions between Britain and America. America is making tremendous efforts to dislodge Britain and France from the areas they now exploit. These contradictions find expression in the different attitudes of the two countries towards the Baghdad bloc. The Washington negotiations will not help the colonialists to iron out their differences at the expense of the peoples whom they would like to continue to keep in subjection. We are not in the nineteenth century, when the colonisers managed to keep the oppressed peoples in enslavement.

A Polish broadcast alleged that Sir Anthony Eden's journey to Washington and the Queen's visit to Nigeria had one object in common: to arrest the decline of British imperial power. Eden's trip was crucial for British interests in the Middle East, where the situation had not been caused by Moscow, but by Anglo-American rivalry over oil.

At the end of their conference in Prague on January 28, the Warsaw Treaty Powers issued a declaration calling for security talks between the Soviet Union, Britain, France, and America, and for the creation of a special zone in Europe—including both east and west Germany—in which armed forces and armaments would be restricted. Earlier in the day the Warsaw Treaty States formally admitted east Germany to their joint high command, under Marshal Koniev, with the east German Defence Minister, Herr Stoph (a former bricklayer), as his deputy Marshal Nieh Jung-chen, a Chinese observer at the conference, said his government regarded the conference's decisions as a tremendous contribution towards 'peace'. An east German broadcast said:

The National People's Army will become the army of the future all-German democratic State. Its creation was a move calculated to bring reunification nearer.

The east German radio brought to the microphone a pastor called Mau to answer those Christians in east Germany who were asking:

Did not all of you—Government, youth league, peace committees, and progressive clergymen—always talk of peace? Did you not coin the slogan that remilitarisation means war for western Germany? Did you not tell west German youth to tear up its call-up papers?

'Quite true, we did all that and more', said the pastor. But he went on to explain that it would be suicide for east Germany not to rearm now that an army had been set up in west Germany. He then quoted the thirty-ninth verse of the twelfth chapter of St. Luke in defence of his thesis that to advance 'with the trowel in one hand and the sword in the other is not only our right, but our Christian duty to the Gospel'. As a sequel to the proclamation of the People's Army, the east German radio quoted the Minister of Education as calling for 'patriotic gymnastics', because gymnastics must be in keeping with 'the high political demands of our times'.

A Bratislava broadcast on the Mozart bicentenary hailed him as 'a fighter for freedom, progress and coexistence': in 'The Marriage of Figaro' and other operas Mozart had appeared as 'a merciless fighter against contemporary society and the prevailing terror of exploitation'.



# Did You Hear That?

## TRIBUTE TO LEN HUTTON

IN A TRIBUTE to Len Hutton, the Test cricketer who has just announced his retirement, in 'At Home and Abroad' H. S. ALTHAM writes: 'Hutton was basically a backfoot player, supremely watchful, a master in killing the turning and lifting ball with the dead bat: all great batsmen he never committed himself to a stroke until the possible moment, and like all great batsmen he gave the impression of playing with his hands a great deal.

'But if defence was the basis of his batting he was also a master of the stroke play. I was lucky enough to see the whole of his famous first Match innings of 364 at the Oval. And even now I do not know which I admired the most: the wonderful tenacity of his concentration and the resource of his defensive technique throughout all those thirteen hours of batting, or the balance and beauty of his cover driving and cutting which not even that great Australian fielding side could sustain. Hutton could, when the situation demanded, play every attack—stroke, and the Australians still talk of his 62 out of a 122 on an impossible wicket in the Brisbane Test of 1950. Both in technique and in the mental and moral resources that must reinforce it, he was one of the great batsmen of all time.

'He was the first professional captain to lead an England eleven over-19. And perhaps his proudest memory will be that under his captaincy England never lost a rubber. To captain England is a great challenge, and never so great as now, in this age of remorseless publicity when millions of people are following the fortunes of each match not only from the ring but from their own armchairs, whether with their eyes or their ears: and remember that when the M.C.C. asked Hutton to take their team to the West Indies, Hutton had had virtually no experience at all of captaining a side. He must, I am sure, have had many misgivings, for experience counts for so much in captaincy, and the problems to be faced are not confined to the field of play. But he brought to his job two vital assets—a shrewd brain and a complete devotion to his task.

'If in the West Indies his own batting, more than anything else, saved us, I believe that in Australia it was his tactical skill and determination that made ultimate victory possible, after that fearful disaster in Brisbane which might well have undermined the morale of any side. In that tour I know he was often fighting against physical disability. But his courage carried him through, and his team and every cricketer in England will always be grateful to him'.

## WHERE DR. JOHNSON WROTE HIS DICTIONARY

Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square, just off Fleet Street, where the great lexicographer lived from 1748 to 1759, is one of the buildings which will benefit from grants made during the last three months by the Minister of Works, as a result of recommendations by the Historic Buildings Councils for England, Scotland, and Wales. LEONARD PARKIN, a B.B.C. reporter, spoke about it in the Home Service.

'You enter Gough Square', he said, 'through a narrow little archway from Fleet Street, the street which Johnson and his friends knew so well. The house is number seventeen and it is the only home which Dr. Johnson had in London that is still standing.

'It was to this four-storey house, flat-fronted and built of reddish-brown brick, that Dr. Johnson came in 1748 with enough ready cash to rent it. His rent was £30 a year, and he could afford it because the dictionary had taken shape in his mind and was about to be put on paper, and he had had an advance from the publisher. The advance was £1,575, but when he had not got the dictionary finished after five years he was paid another £175, and the last page of the manuscript was delivered after seven years' work. It was here, then, that Johnson and his assistants got to work on the massive task of producing a dictionary of the English language. In it, as Johnson said, the words were to be not only "deduced from their originals", but "illustrated by their different significations by examples from the best writers".

'One of the first things you see nowadays when you go into Johnson's house is the dictionary—two leather-bound volumes of it on a polished eighteenth-century dining table—by a quill pen sprouting from an ink-pot. Since the house was opened as a Johnson memorial in 1914 it has been the aim not so much to make a museum as to keep it closely identified with Johnson, so you do not see galleries of show-cases; and



The sitting-room in Dr. Johnson's house, in Gough Square, London

in what few cases there are, there are letters to and from Johnson, the odd medallion, pieces of china, and his ivory-topped walking stick. One of the letters, by the way, is from Johnson to Oliver Goldsmith, a letter proposing Boswell for membership of "The Club", which included among its members Reynolds and Garrick.

'You can walk up the staircase to what they call the dictionary garret, the long room at the top of the house looking out on to Fetter Lane and Holborn, the room where the dictionary was written. It is much tidier now than it was a couple of hundred years ago when Johnson and his helpers were strewing it with a thousand definitions. You can see Johnson's dining room, Johnson's drawing room, the bed-sitting room of the vinegary-looking Miss Williams, the blind lady to whom he gave a home for thirty years. His bedroom is there—without the bed. It is now a library, lined with bookcases copied from some at Pembroke College, Oxford, the Doctor's old college. The house is still full of Johnson's personality. There are pictures of the large and corpulent Johnson almost everywhere. The curator, Mrs. Rowell, whose mother looked after the house before her, complained sadly, on the way through the house, that most of the originals are in America. But of the house itself, most of that is as Johnson would see it. The massive door into the square still has its old heavy chain to keep out the burglars and the spiked bar on the fanlight to keep out the "crimps"—the little boys rented at a shilling a night as burglars' assistants. There are reminders of Johnson's friends, too—the Drury Lane playbill, for instance, of 1756, billing Mr. Garrick as playing the lead in "A Woman Keeps a Secret".'

## THE NEEDLEWORK OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

Mary, Queen of Scots was considered one of the most accomplished needlewomen of her time, and specimens of her work are still preserved. When she was in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury, she and the Countess of Shrewsbury worked together on the same tapestries. The Oxburgh Hangings, as they are called, were presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum by the National Art-Collections Fund in 1953, and there has since been much delicate repair work on them. (A photograph of one appeared in THE LISTENER last week.) They are now on exhibition at the museum, where they will remain on view for two months. HARDIMAN SCOTT, a B.B.C. reporter, spoke about them in



'The Eye-witness'. 'The Queen', he said, 'must have been working on these with the Countess of Shrewsbury just before she was removed to Sheffield Castle, where she spent fourteen years, and just before the plotting of the invasion of England by Spain. Although there is an inevitable tranquillity about embroidery, one cannot say these hangings exactly show peace of mind.

'There are three of them on view—there must have been four but the other is still in fragments—and a valance, which would have gone round the top of a bed. They were in fact used as bed hangings, although originally designed as wall hangings. In the centre of the largest there



Myrtle warbler photographed in this country last year

E. H. Ware

is a square, worked by Queen Mary, showing a hand coming down from the clouds, clutching a sickle and pruning vines. It bears the motto: "Virtue is strengthened by wounds". It was a favourite emblem of hers. Surrounding this central square are some thirty-six panels with the figures of birds, plants, and animals worked in coloured silks. At least twenty-five of them are signed by Mary—'M.R.'—or with a complicated monogram.

'Neither of the needlewomen could have seen many of these animals; they were in fact copied from woodcuts in contemporary books of natural history. There is a gay-spotted leopard, a white-striped tiger on a checkered floor, birds, including a toucan and a pheasant. There is another panel of elaborately knotted serpents, dragons, butterflies, even a snail, a brilliant-blue, arching dolphin, and a curious blue-robed figure called a sea-monk—all of them exquisitely worked on a background of rich green velvet'.

## NEW BIRDS IN BRITAIN

'Since 1947 the astonishing total of nineteen new birds has been added to the British list', said RICHARD FITTER in 'Open Air', 'no fewer than eight of them in one year, 1954. This is the more remarkable when you realise that in the ten years before the war, from 1930 to 1939, only three new birds were recorded in Britain. Five of the nineteen newcomers had actually been recorded before, during the last century, but ornithologists, who are suspicious folk, and rightly so, had always doubted their credentials. Now these five have been made "honest Britons".'

'What are the chances of the ordinary bird-watcher seeing one of these new birds? I must make it clear at once that even now it is only a lucky bird-watcher who manages to see a bird the first time it is recorded in Britain. My own greatest achievement, after twenty-five years of fairly intensive bird-watching, was to see the third British specimen of the black kite, that big, dark hawk you so often see scavenging over lakes in Switzerland and Italy. It has a less deeply forked tail than our own red kite, and I saw mine in the Scilly Isles in September 1938. Just occasionally a new British bird does stay for long enough to let quite a number of people have a peek at it. This happened, for instance, with the Wilson's phalarope, a north American wader, which stayed on two shallow pools near Rosyth dockyard in Scotland for three and a half weeks during the autumn of 1954. During this time it was seen by at least sixty different bird-watchers, including a friend of mine who made a journey all the way from Surrey to see it. So if you want to see a new British bird you must keep in close

touch with the bush telegraph that operates in bird-watching circles.

'But much more often a bird is seen only once, as with the Isabelline shrike from Central Asia, a close relative of our own butcher bird, which was seen on the Isle of May in the Firth of Forth on September 26, 1950. Or it may be picked up dead or dying, as was the huge, long-winged, scissor-tailed man o' war bird on the Isle of Tiree, in the Inner Hebrides, in July 1953.

'It is a striking fact about these nineteen rarities that ten of them, or more than half, have come to us from across the Atlantic. Indeed, both last year's new birds came from North America. One was the myrtle warbler that made news a year ago when it spent several weeks visiting a bird table in a Devon garden. The other was the Hudsonian whimbrel, a wader closely allied to our own curlew, which was seen in May on the Fair Isle, midway between the Orkneys and Shetlands'.

## A LONDON HEDGEHOG

'We found the baby hedgehog on the doorstep one afternoon', said SIDNEY DENHAM in a talk in the Home Service. 'He was so small that he rested easily in the palm of my hand. Obviously he was an orphan who had not learned the facts of a hedgehog's life. Hedgehogs do not wander abroad in daylight, especially in the front gardens of a London house converted into flats.

'Like any baby animal, the hedgehog found a soft spot in our hearts. His prickles were not as hard as the bristles of a brush, and his stomach, when he uncurled to show it, was as soft as velvet. His tiny snout was modestly inquisitive and his eyes suggested he was bewildered and helpless. He seemed to be asking to be adopted. There was nothing for it but to carry him up to our first-floor flat. Wilfred Prickles—as we rather obviously christened him—found his way into our hearts, and into the plates of food put down for the cats. The cats found his prickles as discouraging as his smell. His smell was never perceptible to us. But his fleas certainly were. We decided the fleas must be dealt with immediately and drastically. We put him on a newspaper and sprinkled him with D.D.T. The D.D.T. killed the fleas—hundreds of them fell out on to the paper. But it nearly killed Wilfred as well. For a couple of days he was a very sick hedgehog who would not eat.

'He made his first serious meal from bread and milk with much spluttering, putting his feet into the saucer like a small kitten. Within a week he was eating meat, fish, fruit, and in fact everything that was offered him. The amount of food he consumed never ceased to astonish us. Apart from hearty meals, he never refused tit-bits when we picked him up. But the rate at which he uncurled when he scented a tit-bit indicated his preferences. His reaction to bread was very slow. But a piece of chocolate would bring out his snout like lightning. This passion seemed curious in an animal whose natural diet is worms and insects.

'Wilfred grew very fast. Soon he doubled his size and he proceeded to double it again. His prickles hardened so that they really pricked instead of just tickling. But his prickles were the only hard thing about him. In contrast, his long, flat belly remained as soft as a kitten's. His feet were delicately and exquisitely made and surprisingly like a baby's, complete with thumb. When he was curled up and put out his snout to take a tit-bit, you could see all four feet neatly tucked under his chin. His head was covered in fine hair which merged into his prickles. You could hardly say, except by feeling, where hair ended and prickles began. His tail was an inch of gristle tucked away as if he were ashamed of it'.



Young hedgehog a few days after birth



# The Crisis of Historicism

By GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH

THE use and abuse of history'; these words are the title of one of Nietzsche's untimely meditations, his thoughts out of season, which he wrote in 1872. They could also be used as the theme of Sir Maurice Powicke's new book\*; and that rather remarkable, because no one is more convinced than Sir Maurice of the importance of history, no one is more convinced of the progress which historical study has made during his own lifetime. That progress, the story of its pioneers—Tout and Tait in Manchester; Reginald Lane Poole and Firth in Oxford; Coulton, Previté-Orton, Leach, and Broome in Cambridge—their work, their achievement, the new vision and perspectives they opened up, their new insight into the meaning of history and the functions of the historian—all that is the burden of what Sir Maurice has to say.

Yet, looking back after fifty years, what stands out for Sir Maurice is what he calls the malaise or discomfort which oppresses the thoughtful study of history today. No one reading his book would say that Sir Maurice is happy about current trends in the writing of history. When he writes of Tout and Tait and Little and Farrer, Sir Maurice's writing perhaps with a certain nostalgia of giants of the past; and when he turns from them to the present, what he sees is the dangers which beset the new historical learning: first, an arid professionalism which regards history as made for the historian; secondly, an absence of vision which (he says) can make historical research a pedantic chase after the insignificant; and, thirdly, generalisations which disregard the inner significance of human experience, and do violence to history. I want to examine some of the reasons for these contradictions, for this tension or malaise, as Sir Maurice Powicke calls it, which seems to be eating into the heart of history just when outwardly it has achieved a popular success without parallel in the past.

## The Growth of Professionalism

Fifty years ago, Sir Maurice says, the enlargement of history stimulated rather than perplexed its students. What has happened, then, to make it the contrary today? Unless I am mistaken, Sir Maurice's answer can be summed up in one phrase, 'the growth of professionalism'. Throughout the schools and colleges of our land, he says, we have established a vested interest; and so far as it goes, that is true enough. But I am not really sure that it goes far enough. It seems to me that Sir Maurice describes, as you might say, the visible symptoms without really getting down to a diagnosis of the fundamental causes.

Sixty years ago men like Ward and Tout in Manchester, or Pollard in London, were struggling to secure recognition for history as an independent discipline in the universities; struggling to build up departments, to increase staff, to secure greater specialisation, to organise courses of study and to work out appropriate syllabuses. Their success was startling. Already, by 1923, Tout was able to proclaim that the battle for recognition was as good as won. But this very success of Tout's generation in establishing history as a recognised subject immediately brought into existence a whole set of new problems. Tout himself spoke of unfortunate tendencies, disquieting symptoms; and Sir Maurice, who is, as a matter of fact, Tout's admiring pupil, dots the i's and crosses the t's. He sees, first of all, what he calls a mechanical and professional attitude to the study of history, as though a mere mastery of technique and method were alone sufficient. He sees a growing tendency to regard the mere accumulation of detailed information as an end in itself. History, he says, is becoming a branch of the biggest of all sciences, the science of things which are not worth knowing. What he means is the notion that we have only to work away among the records, accumulating more and more, for everything somehow or another to become perfectly clear; and Sir Maurice speaks of the hypnotic effect which textual study and the mere profusion of the surviving records have had in recent years upon the minds of English students. The result is an ever-accumulating mass of intractable material, which defies synthesis and interpretation and in the end is simply indigestible.

Meanwhile, the demand for an interpretation of history which is generally intelligible goes unsatisfied. People say: 'We don't want to

know the isolated facts; we don't want amusement; we don't want desultory reflections. What we want to know is what it's all about and how it can help us'. A century or so ago, writers like Ranke and Guizot or Seeley and Dicey satisfied that need. Nowadays, books like theirs, which keep pace with historical knowledge and explain it to itself, hardly exist. History has been atomised and particularised; in fact, pulverised. But Sir Maurice himself accepts as a fact that nowadays no one dealing with any period of European history or of world history after the eleventh century can write a really good book which covers more than fifty years.

## Key to Living

All that is true enough. As a matter of fact, none of it is very new. What is important is whether the diagnosis of the causes is correct. That is to say, is it merely a question of growing professionalism—in other words, of abuses which have crept into an otherwise healthy system owing to over-specialisation? I doubt it. It seems to me that to get to the root of the matter we have to go back a good deal further than sixty years. If we ask why pioneers like Tout were so successful in their efforts to get history recognised as a university subject, the answer is not simply that it was due to their own efforts. It was rather because history was, so to say, in the air. They were carried forward by the impetus of a belief in history which was a good deal older, which, in fact, arose as part of the romantic movement of 120 or 130 years ago. People thought that history was a key to living. For Lord Acton, for example, knowledge of the past was eminently practical. It was, he said, an instrument of action, a power that goes to the making of the future.

That was the belief of more than one generation. It lasted through into my own schooldays, in the aftermath of the first world war. Perhaps it reached its apogee in the great wave of optimism which accompanied the birth of the League of Nations. Then, in the 'thirties, it collapsed, just as the League of Nations collapsed, and today it is no more. But, meanwhile, it has had the most profound effects on all our mental processes; in particular, on the writing of history and on the historian's attitude to history, that is to say on his unwritten assumptions. As I see it, the dangers which beset history today are not merely a result of academic professionalism, but they reflect far more profoundly a crisis of historicism.

## A Modern Doctrine

What, in that sense, do we mean by historicism? Fundamentally, an attitude of mind, an attitude not only towards history or towards the past, but also towards all thought and all reality. The underlying assumption is that the whole of reality is one vast historical process, that the nature of everything which exists is comprehended, so to say, in its historical development. Only a few months ago, His Holiness Pope Pius XII described historicism as a system of philosophy which perceives in all spiritual reality, in our apprehension of truth, in religion and morality and law, nothing but change and evolution. As a doctrine it is essentially modern: it is a product of the nineteenth century. It marks, in other words, a complete break with the attitude of Voltaire or Condorcet: it marks a rejection of the values of the Enlightenment. In fact, in place of the eighteenth-century belief in the stability of human nature and in one constant law of reason, historicism set up two main concepts. First, the concept of development, and then the concept of individuality. Meinecke, the German historian who wrote the history of historicism, described its impact as the greatest spiritual revolution western thought has ever undergone. That, I think, is true enough. None of us, no matter where our personal interests lie, can escape its influence, because historical principles and historical conceptions have come to dominate, to shape, to determine all other departments of mental activity.

It should be obvious from all this that the outlook which the word 'historicism' implies has had far-reaching consequences. It affects our attitude to the whole business of living, and that was what Nietzsche



had in mind when he launched his attack on what he called the abuse of history. He meant that an overdose of history is an impediment to life, that preoccupation with the past is an obstacle in the way of present living; or, as he put it, that 'becoming' is the worst enemy of 'being'. About all that a great deal more could and should be said. But here I am going to deal only with the effects of historicism on history, in particular on the unconscious assumptions with which historians work.

### Respect for Irreducible Particularity

First of all, it has enriched our experience; it has increased beyond measure our perceptions of reality and indeed our very capacity to perceive. That, I think, is the positive side. Far too often in the eighteenth century, history was simply used to point a moral or to adorn a tale. Or else it was constrained within a system, used to sustain a thesis. From that rather dreary rationalising and moralising historicism without doubt opened a way out. It taught that what mattered in the past was the past itself in all its facets; that the object of the historian is to relive the past, to reawaken old emotions, in fact to rekindle ashes long since cold. Above all else, it taught the historian to perceive the unique individuality of each past event, and the unique value secreted in that individuality. There was, indeed, no pattern, or if there was a pattern it did not matter. Historicism taught historians respect for irreducible particularity. It taught them acceptance of the multifarious complexity of the past and awareness of the splendid variety of the human spirit.

That, briefly, is the positive side, but there is a negative side as well. It seems to me that Sir Maurice Powicke, just because he is so evidently in sympathy with the positive achievements of historicism, is, one may say, loath to dwell on its deficiencies. Yet, if we start with this belief that what matters in history is irreducible particularity, is it not obvious that this must lead, step by step, to ever more detailed treatment of the past? If the historian's task is to exploit particularity, to elaborate it with loving care, to catch every shade and tint and tone of individual colour, where can it end save in the love of detail for its own sake, and who is to blame the young historian who has been brought up in that dogma if he devotes himself heart and soul to what in the end is going to amount to little more than a footnote in the whole story, and if in doing so he loses all sense of perspective and proportion, and even of significance? The fault does not really lie in runaway professionalism, it lies in his whole conception of what history is, and of the nature of the historian's task.

Sir Maurice's attitude is rather curious; perhaps it is typical of the predicament in which historicism finds itself today. He realises that we must find a way of escape. But, because he is unwilling to throw over the premises of historicism, the way out escapes him. For example, some historians have tried to overcome the atomisation of history by developing co-operative work and synthesis. But Sir Maurice, I think rightly, is sceptical of its possibilities. Real history, he says, is written in solitude with deep searchings of mind and spirit; co-operative histories stand half way between real history and encyclopedias. Other historians have tried to break through this preoccupation with the particular by adapting statistical methods to historical purposes, but Sir Maurice is frankly contemptuous of historians who, he says, play with statistics. Still others are appalled by what Sir Maurice calls the chaotic state of historical work today: they have tried to give it order and purpose by interpreting the multiplicity of facts in the light of general conceptions. But that, to Sir Maurice, appears to be the worst sin. Generalisations, he says, are the prime cause of false emphasis. We must refuse to impose our generalisations, he says; we must set no limits to the possibility of the relevant fact. That may be true, but if we reject one by one all these tentative ways out, what are we left with but irreducible particularity, detail, history for its own sake?

### Interpretation and Scholarship

The worst feature of all this is that while historians concentrate more and more on this particular phase or that particular phase or moment of the past, the sort of history which is interpretation of the whole of the past goes by default. That does not seem to worry Sir Maurice. For general history, world history, he has little use. He dismisses it as essays about history; he picks out, for example, the work of the German Paul Kehr as a supreme example of detailed, textual, critical study which, he says, gives a more convincing impression than one could possibly get from volumes of narrative history. But does that not beg the important question that Kehr's work is read only by a handful of

specialists and is unable to form opinion? Interpretation, Sir Maurice says, has to wait on scholarship, but we all know, in fact, that interpretation does not wait on scholarship, and so you get the cleavage between history written for the public which is not scholarly, and scholarly history which is not read by the public. When he is writing of the French historian Leopold Delisle, Sir Maurice describes him as a great historian who wrote no great history. For Sir Maurice, there appears to be nothing odd and certainly nothing reprehensible about that, but surely once it reached that turning-point historicism began to defeat its own purposes? What, after all, is the use of a preoccupation with the past which does not issue in great history?

As I have already said, Sir Maurice does not think anyone today can write a general history covering more than fifty years. Here, again, he does not seem disturbed, and yet elsewhere he says that the craving for an interpretation of history is so deep-rooted that unless we have a constructive outlook over the past we are drawn either to mysticism or to cynicism.

### The Dead Past

What is the way out? It seems to me that it is not going to be found in deprecating professionalism and lack of vision, but that it requires thoroughgoing criticism of the postulates which underlie this whole theory of historicism. Two of those I will just pick out in conclusion. The first is the dogma, which today is repeated *ad nauseam*, that the past exists for itself and that the historian's business is to reconstruct and recreate and relive it in loving detail. To me, that doctrine is nonsense. The past simply does not exist at all; the past is dead; as Professor Galbraith once said, it is as dead as the men who made it. Our concern with the past springs from the present. It springs from a living need, from what Sir Maurice himself calls our craving for an interpretation. Our history, that is to say our interpretation of the past, must be relevant to that need if it is going to be a living force.

The second postulate of historicism is that history is, so to say, self-sufficient: that one needs only to know how a thing happened in order to understand its nature, and that nothing outside the historical process is required to explain its course. I cannot discuss here all the consequences of that astounding misconception. The main result from our present point of view is its concentration upon historical process as though it were an ultimate, as though the way things happened is bound to tell us why they happened. That is simply not true. If history is to prosper it once again must be related to something outside itself, as it was, for example, when it was viewed as a manifestation of the working of God's providence. I am not suggesting a return to the old theological view of history: I regard that as impracticable. But I do mean that its study must have some constructive purpose, some criterion of judgement. What that criterion will be is of secondary importance, so long as we no longer regard preoccupation with the past as an end in itself. History will either survive the crisis of historicism by finding justification in a new set of values, or it will atomise and fragment into pedantry and antiquarianism. Happily, there are many indications today of a new orientation, of what one may call a more robust approach.

The crisis of historicism is certainly not over, but we have begun to see where we stand and where it has landed us. We no longer accept its postulates as articles of faith; we are critical and we are sceptical of its claims. That is certainly the first step to a way out.

—Third Programme.

The fourth meeting of the British National Conference on Social Work is to be held at Edinburgh University, August 11-15, 1957, under the auspices of the National Council of Social Service. For the benefit of groups which are being set up in many parts of the country to study the theme of this conference, a guide to studies on *Children and Young People* has been published by the Council, price 2s. 6d. It includes suggestions for study groups and a reading list.

*New Developments in Industrial Leadership* is the title of a booklet, containing a comparative study of Great Britain, the United States, Germany, and France, published by the Polytechnic Management Association, with an introduction by Sir Walter Puckey and Sir Geoffrey Vickers, price 5s.

*Beginners, Please* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 30s.) is a book for the would-be investor. It contains the answers to some three hundred questions on matters relating to investment recently sent in to the *Investors' Chronicle*, whose editor, Mr. Harold Wincott, supplies the foreword. There are a number of useful appendices and an investors' glossary.



# The Poor Relation at Trafalgar Square

LORD RADCLIFFE on the National Gallery

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY years ago there was no such thing as a National Gallery in England. It did not exist. Indeed, what we now take almost as a matter of course, the idea of great public collections of pictures, had scarcely begun to take root, either in this country or outside it. The National Gallery was founded in 1824, when parliament voted a sum of £60,000 for the purchase of Mr. John Julius Angerstein's private collection. Two years later Sir George Beaumont presented his pictures to the gallery, a gift which included Rubens' 'Chateau de Steen' and Canaletto's 'St. Mark's Square', and in 1831 there came in the Reverend Holwell Carr's bequest bringing with it the great 'St. George' by Tintoretto. That, then, is the mixed way in which it all began. Parliament voted a sum of public money, the site of the Royal Mews was taken over—for Sir John Soane to build his frontage on Trafalgar Square—and as time went on private individuals came forward and enlarged the common stock from their own resources, to the greater glory of the gallery and the enrichment of us all.

## The Gallery's Proud Claim

And in that way the collection has grown, combining public money and private benefaction, until it is possible for the recently published report, *National Gallery 1938-1954\**, to speak of it as being 'perhaps the best balanced and most representative, if not the most extensive, of any collection of paintings in the world'. A proud claim. But it is painfully obvious to any reader that neither the Trustees who sign the foreword nor the Director who writes the report expects to be able to make good the same claim in the future unless the gallery's requirements are to obtain a scale of attention from the Government very different from that which they are getting today. There are more ways than one in which this lack of attention shows itself, it seems—shortage of staff and shortage of space, for instance—but it is the question of the purchase grant for future acquisitions which at present occupies the minds of the gallery's managers, so I want to turn first to this, to see what it is that is said to be wrong and then to ask how bad a grievance the Trustees have got and what, if anything, can be done about it.

The trouble presents itself in terms of money. And when the figures are set out the story they tell is really rather shocking. The gallery has always had an annual grant of money from parliament for the purchase of pictures, and the bare fact is that, if it is expected to go on buying pictures of a quality worthy of the national collection, the figure allowed to it is ridiculously inadequate for today's prices. It stood at £7,000 in 1939: it has been pushed up to £10,500 for 1954-55, and even that minute jump came only after the 1952 Waverley Committee on the Export of Works of Art had recommended a 'substantial increase'. I should be very much surprised if that committee would accept £3,500 as representing the kind of jump they had in mind.

## Money in Terms of Pictures

We will take a few figures to put that £10,500 in perspective. It is just about the same figure as the annual sum which the gallery was receiving in the second half of the nineteenth century; but in terms of the pound's purchasing power it is, of course, a very greatly reduced sum. What does £10,500 mean in terms of pictures? That lovely Cézanne 'La Vieille au Chapelet', cost, I believe, £33,000 in 1953—not at all an exceptional price for a major work by Cézanne if such works are to be acquired at today's prices. Then £42,500 was given for the El Greco sketch—and, really, it is hardly more than a sketch—which the gallery bought last year. And if you want to come to the great masterpieces of the early periods you must think in terms of a figure something like £250,000, say twenty-five times the amount of the whole of the annual purchase grant. Incidentally, it is interesting to see in the Trustees' foreword that 'there must be at least ten pictures in private possession in this country whose average price would not be much below £250,000 and perhaps another hundred whose average price would be in the neighbourhood of £50,000'.



'Virgin and Child', by Dürer, which was bought by the National Gallery with the aid of the National Art-Collections Fund

It is plain enough that, if that were the whole story—it is not quite the whole story—the gallery would be simply out of the field when it came to competing for any major picture to add to the collection. It is equally plain that the Trustees want to enlist public support in saying that this state of things is intolerable, and must not continue. But there is more to be said than they can have space to say in their report.

The National Gallery was one of the earliest of our public galleries, indeed: all the same, nowadays, one must think of its possessions in relation to the public resources of pictures as a whole. In London alone, you can find great pictures at Dulwich, at Kenwood, in the Wallace Collection, and in the Tate. There is the small but exquisite National Gallery at Edinburgh, and in Wales a much enriched Cardiff. There are treasures in Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham; there are the Fitzwilliam at Cambridge and the Ashmolean at Oxford: and that list is not exhaustive or meant to be. We have to set the idea of a single national collection against the new background of a ring of great public collections most of which have come into existence since it was founded. Not only are they too adding to their possessions from time to time, but sometimes whole new collections of distinction enter the public field, such as the Bearsted pictures at Upton or the Wellington pictures at Apsley House.

And, again, we all know what collectors are—never satisfied: pictures first hung on the walls, then stacked against them, then in the bathroom, then on the stairs. It is all very well, you may feel, for the Trustees and the Director, who are enthusiasts for their own gallery and for pictures generally, to want to go on making their collection even grander, but are they not just giving way to the mere dynamism of



collecting, and complaining because nobody will vote them enough money to buy the moon? After all, I have already quoted what they themselves say about the collection being one of the best balanced and most representative collections in the world.

### What Makes a Great Collection?

I do not believe that either of these points touches the National Gallery's present distress. First of all, whatever treasures the other galleries have, whatever treasures they are likely to acquire, no one of them can ever be anything like a representative collection of great painting as a whole, in the sense that the National Gallery is near to being. The supply is not there, even if the money was. These galleries can have many lovely pictures, they may be specially rich in a particular artist or school, indeed one or two of them are, but when we talk of the National Gallery itself we are talking of a different order of being: the point is that we are talking of a collection, not a total sum of possessions. A great collection is an individual entity which imposes itself as having a character and a life of its own. All we need to ask is that the Trustees themselves should be quite clear that it is a single individual collection they are out to fight for, not a general collecting centre for pictures for the nation. There would be no visible limit to the intake of such a centre. After all, bad as the times may be, the list of National Gallery acquisitions between 1938 and 1954 covers as many as 182 different pictures—145 by gift and bequest and 37 by purchase.

Once we have fixed what we want the National Gallery to be, one of the world's great picture collections on its own ground, there is no denying that there are still big gaps waiting to be filled. The Report draws attention to two at least—to one, rather despairingly, Italian painting of the thirteenth century, since it is not likely ever to be filled, and to another, French painting of the nineteenth century, which can be filled in time, no doubt, but it looks as if the price of starting late is going to be heavy. I am afraid that we would have to add, too, that there is a sad poverty in the Spanish School. At least I do not know what other impression one can take away from a visit to the present Room XXXII. For all its splendours, then, the collection is not yet at full maturity. Indeed, it still shows signs of reflecting the fond tradition of English culture that all worth-while painting must come from Italy. It is enough, in sum, to take the phrase from the Report: 'Many gaps and several great deficiencies'.

The danger is that the authorities may be going to make a mistake now which will be quite literally irreparable. It is not difficult to imagine a highly statesmanlike official line to the effect that really the Trustees are making a great deal of fuss about very little. The National Gallery is a perpetual institution which has been going for no longer than some 130 years, and it has done pretty nicely in that time, hasn't it? £10,500 may not be a very large individual sum, but the Trustees could not buy a major picture every year, even if they wanted to. Why not go on for a time as we have been doing and on the same scale—part public moneys and part private gifts—and see how we get along? And I have no doubt that the official line would add something to the effect that the Trustees could always try to get parliament to make them a special grant if something very important turned up which they could not afford to buy.

### Shrinking Supply of Outstanding Pictures

To talk this way is, I believe, to fail to understand the kind of world we now live in and the kind of problem our gallery faces. In truth, there is not all that amount of time left, say another generation or two. The world market for outstanding pictures has been revolutionised by the fact that during the last hundred years country after country has seen the institution of public galleries, in some cases with a purchasing power far in excess of what our own National Gallery commands. Pictures that go into these galleries go into mortmain: they go in, but, in effect, they never come out. So the supply of the really great pictures is shrinking the whole time the process goes on. And what we are talking about is a pretty well surveyed country. It does not hold much undiscovered treasure. Experts know the nature and whereabouts of most of the pictures of major importance that are still in private hands and so capable of reaching the market. You can count your chickens, even if you cannot catch them.

Two things, then: the National Gallery will have to be ready to plunge into this rising world market from time to time during the next thirty years, if it is ever to repair the deficiencies of its collection. And, with its purchase grant of £10,500 a year, it would do nicely, say, as a

collector of water colours, and not much more. If you add to the £10,500 about another £10,000 to represent the gallery's income from the whole of its invested funds—not that the whole of that income is or should be applied to the purchase of pictures—the essential position is not altered.

We can all begin to think of things that we would suggest to the Trustees to do to help themselves. Charge for admission? I should say 'Certainly'—that is only reasonable for a public gallery which public money does not properly support. Raise some money by selling off surplus pictures out of the accumulation of second- and third-raters that the years must have brought? Perhaps, if the Trustees would recover the power of sale they recently gave up and strict conditions were laid down: but selling is a very doubtful expedient. Again, they could sell to the Ministries concerned those pictures, not many, or, I expect, very valuable, which are lent for the decoration of government buildings and British embassies or Governors' houses abroad. Excellent idea as it is that they should be there, such pictures are not being used as part of the national collection.

### A Generous Patron

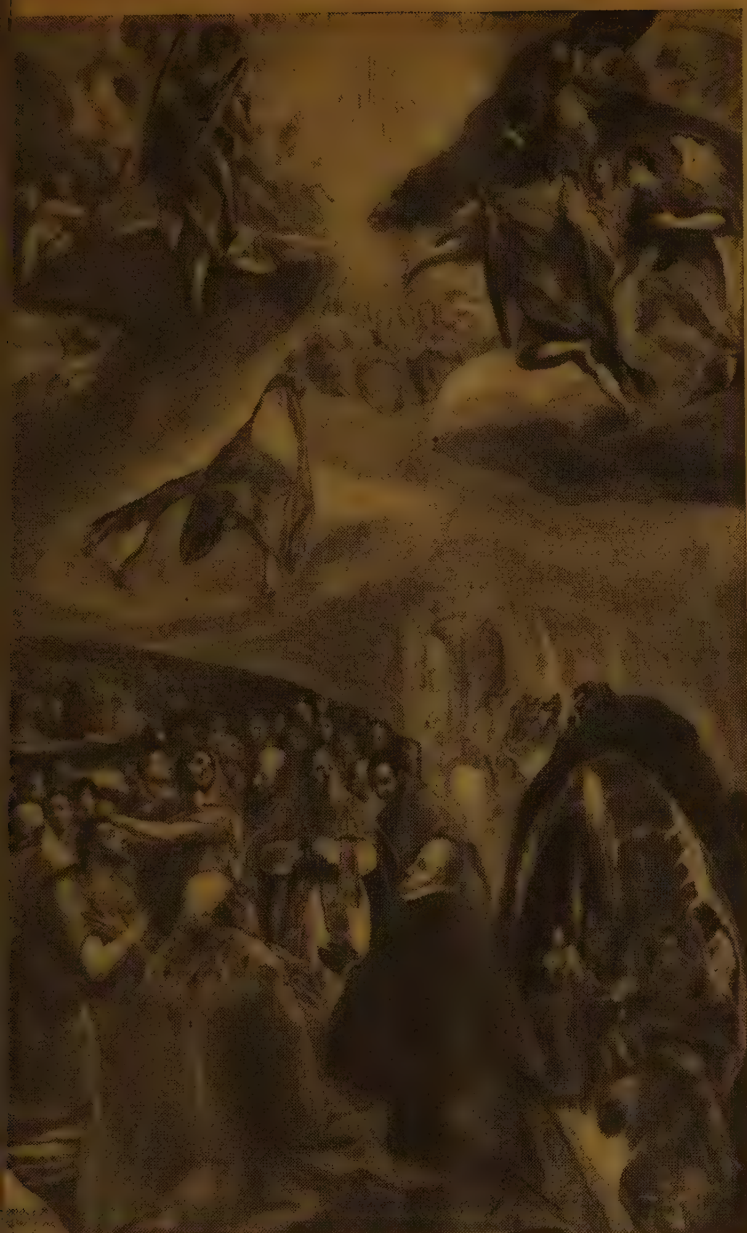
None of this would go far to solve the central problem, which is money, much more money, regularly and quickly. How happy if it could come from private sources! But here again we must be alive to our times. A country cannot settle down to a system of very high personal taxation and death duties and at the same time expect that there will be a supply of wealthy private citizens to come forward with large contributions when there is a chance of making some specially important purchase. Gifts will go on, I do not doubt, for the private resources of this country are even now great. Indeed, I think that more might be done to stimulate the earmarking of important individual pictures for ultimate gift or bequest, but we can hardly look to individual gifts to do the essential work. No, the instrument of private benevolence today ought to be the organised annual contributions of the hundreds of thousands of people of reasonable income who can afford to give something in recognition of the great benefits that they draw from the public estate. They do not lack the opportunity. Anyone interested knows about the National Art-Collections Fund. The trouble is that the people who ought to subscribe just do not bother to do so. If they did, the total membership of the fund would not be under 10,000 persons.

It is no good looking to that wonderful organisation to save everybody else's bacon. Over the years it has been a most generous patron of the National Gallery—indeed, there are very few of the major acquisitions listed in the Report to which the fund has not been a big contributor—two Rembrandts, Gainsborough's lovely 'Morning Walk', the 'Adoration of the Golden Calf' by Poussin, the Dürer 'Virgin and Child', and several others. But the purposes of the National Art-Collections Fund go far beyond the help of the National Gallery—it has all the galleries and all the museums in the country to think of—and it is not fair to expect it to dip deep into its resources and again and again to prejudice its other work just because the Government will not face its responsibility of asking parliament to grant the Trustees of the National Gallery the money that they need.

That is what it comes down to in the end: a much bigger annual purchase grant. The trustees suggest £80,000 instead of the present £10,500; but it is obvious that they do not think that even that is enough. Why not do the thing properly and make it £150,000 for ten years, of course with power to carry forward from year to year, and then at the end of the ten years have a careful account of what has happened and what the opportunities have been? There is everything to be said for a sensible scheme of that sort and everything against trying to tinker with the position by keeping the regular grant to its present tiny figure and requiring the Trustees to come to parliament for a special additional grant every time they think they can make a case. That is the more showy course, no doubt. It is true that £10,000 extra was voted for Gainsborough's 'Morning Walk' in 1954 (incidentally the first special vote to the gallery since 1929) and £30,000 for the El Greco in 1955, and I daresay that this method is praised by some people as affording closer financial control. In reality it has, I should think, the reverse effect. As the Trustees point out, it prevents any forward planning of purchases, since there is no assured income to plan with: it gives no room for manoeuvre or for making purchases on favourable terms before the picture is open to the general market: in fact it tends to make the public pay the highest possible price at the latest possible moment.

I have dealt fully with the problem of the purchase grant, partly





'Adoration of the Name of Jesus', a sketch by El Greco which the National Gallery purchased last year

because it is the most serious of the problems which affect the long-term future of the gallery and also because it illustrates the importance of a clear general understanding of the gallery's position in a world which has so much changed around it. It is not a fixed collection consisting of a set number of pictures which Fate has bestowed upon the British people: it is a living and developing activity which somebody all the time has to look after, take responsibility for, and help to develop. If it is looked at in this way all the other activities which the Report gives us details of fall into place. It needs an expert to appraise much of what is done. I think that the main impression that one gets after reading through the sections on cataloguing and photography and conservation, to take only three, is the realisation of how much work has to go on behind the scenes of a great modern picture gallery and how ingenious and skilled much of that work has to be. The presentation of pictures is an art in itself: but almost the larger part of the gallery must consist of rooms that the public does not see. There has to be house room for the reserve collection, and this must be readily available for study by specialists and students. There must be a library marshalling the resources of ancient and modern art-scholarship. There is the work of indexing and cataloguing, never up to date and always having to be renewed. There is the publishing side, the importance of which a gallery cannot ignore today—colour reproductions and monographs and explanatory material. And then, besides all that, there is everything that is involved in the work of conservation—cleaning, retouching, repairing, relining, even the extraordinary feats

of transferring the pigment surface of a collapsed canvas or panel to a new foundation.

Controversies about cleaning are likely to be perennial. The National Gallery, as we know, has not escaped them. The present Report is candid, detailed, and most informative about what is being done in this field. I believe that one can say that what is being done is being very well done. The gallery has developed a remarkable scientific department which can bring in the great assistance to be obtained from modern chemistry and X-ray and infra-red photography. The results are visible in many beautiful pictures on the walls restored by cleaning to a brilliance and clarity which our generation, at any rate, had never seen in them before. And now may I please make an amateur's shot at getting this inflammable subject into some perspective?

### Cleaning and Restoring

The issue is not *whether* pictures should be cleaned. It never has been. Pictures have always been subjected to processes of cleaning, retouching, and restoring, all through the centuries. If the 1947 Exhibition of Cleaned Pictures gave the impression that it was arguing with an imaginary critic who did not think that pictures ought to be cleaned at all, that was just the gallery's own Aunt Sally. Moreover the fate of a masterpiece in a great picture gallery need not be a miserable one even under the threat of periodical cleaning. Pictures safe at home in public galleries are much less liable to suffer serious physical injury than they were in their earlier, more hazardous ownerships. Far greater and more reckless liberties were taken by cleaners and restorers of other centuries than would be allowed now. With the scientific techniques available, the cleaning and restoring of today are probably better and more knowledgeably carried out than ever before. But then we ought to add something on the other side, because it explains how these controversies still arise. There is still a great deal that experts do not know about the effect of cleaning on a picture. As the Report says, with commendable but rather alarming frankness, 'The methods now in use . . . are still largely empirical. What actually takes place when a solvent comes in contact with a varnish or a medium or a pigment is still fundamentally a mystery'. And it may be that the new materials and appliances now available may carry with them for a time new dangers of their own.

We shall go on, then, having battles about the cleaning of a particular picture. Not just because it looks different or unusual after cleaning but because the end product of the work of the cleaner is still a work of artistic judgement and is not a demonstrable conclusion. For my part, I shall still take part in these battles, though purely as an amateur: a word, incidentally, which used not to be a word of derogation. I shall still refuse to bow my head before the dogmatic 'Well, you are seeing the picture now as it was when it left the artist's studio'. I shall continue to remark occasionally that a newly cleaned picture reminds me of an unexpectedly bright strip of oil cloth. And I shall still think that I notice, now and then, that a portrait after cleaning shows a disharmony between the outline of the figure and the figure's background which I do not believe to be the painter's own design. I hope that other amateurs will join in. It does no harm.

### The Problem of Accommodation

I must finish up on the subject of accommodation. The National Gallery was badly damaged by bombing during the war, it reopened directly afterwards with a mere skeleton of rooms, and never since then has the whole pre-war range of rooms been available for exhibition. And it is now January 1956. That seems to me a sad state of affairs. So it does evidently to the Trustees. What they do not make clear, however, is why things have lagged. Evidently the Trustees are kept short of the money they need to press on with reconstruction. But, after all, the Trustees are always eminent people, with great weight in the country, and they can make their voices heard in the right place. They do not believe, as Ministers sometimes seem to do, that two commissioners saved in a public gallery are the ultimate symbol of a ruthless financial retrenchment. It can hardly be a matter of public policy to keep the National Gallery in ruins. But then it is hard to account for the delays. Of course, if the whole place could have been reconstructed before the pictures were brought back at all, work would have gone far quicker. That is one thing. Another is that the introduction of air-conditioning means a difficult and laborious piece of engineering for each room that is treated. But even so . . . Take, for example, this very question of air-conditioning.



Air-conditioning, as the Report makes clear, is as important as anything could be for a gallery such as ours which houses a great number of Old Masters. By its control of the room's relative humidity it arrests the normal process of decay which calls for all this elaborate and skilled conservation work. This in itself would make air-conditioning of the first importance for a gallery which has a long queue of valuable pictures waiting urgent restoration and where the reserve collection is actually going downhill because of the absence of proper housing conditions. But, besides that, air-conditioning is a blessing for the presentation of gallery pictures, since it makes it safe to take off glass and makes possible more satisfactory wall-covering.

You would think, therefore, that air-conditioning was an urgent necessity for the National Gallery in London. As long ago as 1947, a scientific committee, the Weaver Committee, recommended 'full air-

conditioning as soon as practicable'. The present Report calls it 'the great essential'. Yet what has happened? One single room opened in 1950—a most welcome success. Two more brought into use only last year—1955. Three more promised for 1956, thus completing what is called the inner horseshoe on the west side; and then, so far as anything appears, nothing further planned for introducing this vital improvement.

I am sorry to end on this note of dissatisfaction. There is so much to praise in the achievement and the present conduct of our great gallery. But there is so much to cause dismay, real dismay, in the failure of every post-war government to appreciate the measure of state responsibility that is now due to national museums and galleries. What they are crying out for is more confidence, more genuine respect, and with them more money and higher priority in the public scale. It is no very creditable that they are not listened to.—*Third Programme*

# The Reform of the Ecclesiastical Courts

By A BARRISTER

ANYONE who was present in the great library at Lambeth Palace on November 21, 1890, was the witness of a most unusual spectacle. In a semi-circle at the end of the room sat the Bishops of London, Oxford, Rochester, Salisbury, and Hereford, with the Archbishop of Canterbury on a raised seat in the midst of them—all in full episcopal robes of scarlet cloth and white lawn. Before them was a row of seats occupied by a number of distinguished ecclesiastical lawyers, among whom Sir James Parker Deane was especially splendid in a full-bottomed wig and red doctor's gown. On a table below the archbishop lay his great Metropolitan Cross, the symbol of his spiritual jurisdiction. Behind his chair was gathered a group of some of the most distinguished churchmen of the time—including Dean Hole, Dean Davidson of Windsor—later to become Archbishop of Canterbury himself—and several bishops. All the rest of the library, even the bays between the bookcases, was packed with a crowd of tensely interested spectators.

## A Notable Trial

The reason for all this unaccustomed pomp and activity was that the library was being used that day for a quite exceptional purpose. It was the scene of the last day of the trial of Bishop Edward King of Lincoln for ritual offences. A bishop standing his trial is, of course, a rarity, and the proceedings naturally attracted a great deal of publicity. In a day when ecclesiastical cases excited more general discussion than now they do, the trial was reported and commented upon in newspapers all over the world. For the lawyer, however, perhaps the most interesting feature of the trial was the court before which it took place. For the purpose of trying Bishop King, Archbishop Benson had revived the ancient archiepiscopal court, which had been in abeyance for some 200 years. Indeed, the court had sat only once since the Reformation—in 1699, when Archbishop Tenison of Canterbury deprived Thomas Watson, the Bishop of St. David's, for simony. Of Watson a fellow bishop wrote that 'he was one of the worst men in all respects that I ever knew in Holy Orders: passionate, covetous, and false in all the blackest instances'. Bishop King, on the other hand, was a man universally beloved and respected, even by those who disagreed with him. In the circumstances, it is perhaps not surprising that Benson should have hesitated long before deciding to hear the case himself, and should have received much conflicting advice on the subject.

Indeed, he was at first not satisfied that he had jurisdiction to entertain the proceedings at all. He required, he said, some instruction from a competent court on the point. This instruction was given to him by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, who unanimously held as a preliminary point that the Archbishop possessed the necessary jurisdiction. Even this ruling, however, did not satisfy all doubts. It is said that Bishop Stubbs of Oxford, who sat with Benson at the trial as an assessor, continually murmured during the course of the proceedings, 'It is not a court; it is an archbishop sitting in his library'.

Benson, nevertheless, went on to hear the case—it took some twenty days—and to pronounce the historic Lincoln Judgement, dealing comprehensively with a number of disputed points of ritual. The prosecutors

disagreed with some of the findings and appealed to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, but the Committee, dissenting from certain of its own previous decisions, upheld the Archbishop's judgement in full.

I have begun my talk with a glance at the case of Bishop King because that case—the most celebrated ecclesiastical trial of the nineteenth century—illustrates so many of the characteristics of the Church's courts, and throws light on so many of the problems by which they have been confronted in the last 100 years. In the first place, it is noteworthy that so little was known about the court itself. As we have seen even its right to existence was doubted. The infrequency with which it had sat was perhaps bound to invest it with a certain shadowy air even for the experts. A court that is conjured up, if not out of limbo at least out of history, will naturally not have the substantial look about it that we are accustomed to detect in courts that sit every day. This air of unfamiliarity is common to many of the courts of the Church simply because they are so rarely convened. Consider, for example, the proceedings provided for by the Public Worship Regulation Act, 1874. An account of such proceedings, and of how they may be set on foot, will be found in all text books on ecclesiastical law—but no reported proceedings of the sort have taken place during this century. The act was introduced in the eighteen-seventies to provide a quick way of curbing what were regarded by many as excesses of the Ritualist Party. But after one or two clergymen had been committed to prison for failing to comply with orders of the court, the act became unpopular and for various reasons was not resorted to. Today it is for practical purposes a dead letter.

Another example, at the other end of the scale, of a court which few people have ever seen in action is the Archdeacon's Court—about which again, the student may read in the textbooks, and which has a special jurisdiction for the trial and removal from office of parish clerks who are found guilty of neglect or misbehaviour. I have never met anyone who has seen or heard of this court in action for such a purpose, but whether this is because there are nowadays fewer parish clerks, or because those that there are are uniformly well behaved, it would perhaps be hard to say.

## Securing Acceptance of Decisions

The Lincoln case also illustrates very well another difficulty that has for long confronted the ecclesiastical courts—that of securing the acceptance of their decisions by churchmen generally. The central problem of the Church of England in the last half of the nineteenth century—and it is a problem that still survives—was that which Bishop Bell the biographer of Archbishop Davidson, has called 'the problem of authority'. As a consequence of the Oxford Movement there had been introduced into the Church a number of ritual and ceremonial practices for which warrant could not be found in the Book of Common Prayer. Many of those who introduced them were proceeded against in the ecclesiastical courts, and certain of their practices were declared illegal. Thus, to take but two examples, in *Summer v. Wix*, decided in 1870, the ceremonial use of incense immediately before the celebration of Holy Communion was held to be unlawful, and in *Elphinstone v. Purchas*,



in the same year, a sanctuary gong or bell was held to be an illegal ornament. But these decisions, and others like them, did not at all commend themselves to large bodies of churchmen. In particular, objection was taken to the composition of the court which pronounced them. After all, the final court of appeal in ecclesiastical matters since 1833 has been the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, a court entirely composed of laymen, who may not be religious believers at all, although it is true that bishops sit with the committee as assessors. The Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline in 1906 reported:

A court dealing with matters of conscience and religion must above all others rest on moral authority if its judgements are to be effective. As thousands of clergy with strong lay support refuse to recognise the jurisdiction of the Judicial Committee its judgements cannot practically be enforced.

### Divergence between Law and Practice

This, in short, is the problem of authority, a problem which at once faces anyone who considers the state of Church's courts today. Such an observer will immediately perceive that much of the law which they might be expected to administer, particularly that dealing with the conduct of the services, the ornaments of the church, and the apparel of the minister is in fact quite disregarded. Opinion as to how divine worship ought to be conducted has greatly changed in the last 100 years—but the law on the subject has stood still. This has brought about the extreme divergence that exists today between law and practice in ecclesiastical matters. As an obvious example, we may take again the case of *Elphinstone v. Purchas*, which is authority for the proposition that processions round the interior of a church are illegal. But such processions, of course, are nowadays a commonplace in Anglican churches, and few people would associate them with a particularly extreme form of churchmanship. Most of those, probably, who take part in such processions would be surprised and horrified to be told that they were doing anything illegal, but so in strict law they are.

Archbishop Benson, we are told, hoped that by reviving the ancient and highly 'spiritual' Archiepiscopal Court he might go far towards solving this problem of the authority of the Church's courts, and that his findings would command a ready obedience. In this, however, he was disappointed.

Such then has been the state of the Church's courts in the first half of the twentieth century. They are so many in number as to constitute what the Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts set up by the Archbishops in 1951—whose report we shall later be considering—called 'a jungle of courts'. Some, like the special court under the Discipline Measures, are very new. Others, like the Consistory Court and the Court of Arches, are very old. Of these, a number are really historical survivals only, and though they have a theoretical existence are rarely, if ever, to be seen in operation. Since the jurisdiction of Church courts over the laity in respect of moral offences has fallen into disuse, their powers have principally been confined to the protection of ecclesiastical land and buildings by the grant or refusal of faculties, and to the enforcement of the discipline of the clergy. But—and this is a point not always realised—they are much more than mere domestic tribunals set up to discipline members of a particular society. For historical reasons the ecclesiastical courts are just as much the Queen's courts, and hence a part of the national judicial system, as is, say, the Queen's Bench Division, and the law which they administer is no mere code of internal rules. It is part—or much of it is—of the law of the land. On the other hand, as we have seen, large tracts of it are now entirely ignored—and the courts themselves have fallen into disrepute with many, because their findings are subject to review by a final court whose authority is widely held to be suspect.

### Two Types of Case

This, then, was the problem that faced the Commission set up in 1951 under the chairmanship of Mr. Justice Lloyd-Jacob. How were the Church's courts to be reconstructed in such a way as to answer practical modern needs and also to command the general respect of churchmen? The Commission approached the question, in the first place, by making a distinction between two types of case—the conduct and the reserved. Conduct cases are those concerned with immorality, unbecoming conduct and neglect of duty amongst the clergy, while reserved cases are those concerned with doctrine, ritual and ceremonial.

So far, I have not said much about conduct cases, since they, as a rule, do not arouse the same degree of controversy as do the other type. But at this point I must deal shortly with the recommendations

made by the Commission\* in respect of cases of this nature. On the whole, they were conservative recommendations. The Commission did not agree with the report of the Archbishop's Commission on Canon Law in 1947, which involved the repeal of all the existing Clergy Discipline Acts and of the various Discipline Measures passed by Church Assembly between 1947 and 1953. Under these measures complaint may be made, for instance, against an incumbent of serious persistent and continuous neglect of duty. If this is done, the accused first has an opportunity of discussing the matter with his bishop. The bishop may then refer the case to a ministerial committee. If the committee so recommends the complaint may be sent for trial before a special court. If the special court find the charges proved they will report their finding to the bishop, who may inhibit the accused from performing the duties of his benefice. These provisions would be retained by the Commission, with some important modifications. The court before which the Commission recommends that matters of this sort should come is the Consistory Court, the only court to be retained at diocesan level, which for the purpose would be strengthened with additional judges. The Commission also advocated the retention of the system under the Clergy Discipline Act 1892 whereby a clergyman sentenced in a temporal court to a term of imprisonment or any greater punishment is automatically deprived of any benefice he holds, and whereby a certificate of conviction in a temporal court is treated as conclusive proof in the Consistory Court that he has committed the act specified in the certificate. With regard to the Commission's recommendations on conduct cases, I would only add that—although this was not really within its terms of reference—they considered that no appeal should lie beyond the provincial court.

### Recommendation for a New Court

More striking, I think, were the Commission's recommendations as to reserved cases. They said:

It is our conviction that for the satisfactory trial of reserved cases the initial court must command a high respect. Great judicial authority will not, as we think, suffice. The court must possess, in addition, such spiritual authority as will lead the church as a whole not only to accept but to welcome its pronouncements on the vital matters with which it is to deal.

Accordingly, they recommended that there should be a special new court constituted for the whole of England and called the 'Court of Ecclesiastical Causes Reserved'. To staff it the Commission called on the bishops and on such lay members of the Church of England who hold or have held high judicial office. Its composition, the Commission claimed, would then be such that its decisions would be willingly accepted as final. Cases would be brought to this new court only through the convocation of the province. For dealing with complaints against clergymen each convocation would appoint from the members of the Upper and Lower Houses a body to be called the 'Convocation Court of Enquiry'. If the Court of Enquiry approved of the complaint, it would itself institute and promote the proceedings. From a decision of the Court of Ecclesiastical Causes Reserved there would be no appeal. The Commission went on to say, with regard to reserved cases, that the extreme divergence, to which I have already referred, between law and practice in questions of public worship would have to be faced by the Convocations and the Church Assembly. To make new provisions for the trial of offences against a law, considerable sections of which were contrary to the mind of the Church expressed in its practice, was, it pointed out, 'sheer waste of time'. To expect the ecclesiastical courts to administer such a law was to require them to make decisions that were either contemptible or ridiculous. The Church, and not the courts, said the Commission, was to blame for failing to make such changes in its law of public worship as the times demanded.

The Commission went on to observe that there were signs that the Church was setting about making such changes. In the proposed new canons which were being drafted, new by-laws, as it were, of the Church, there were, the Commission pointed out, various provisions which would bring to an end some of the salient divergencies between law and practice. The Commission hoped that others would be introduced as well. Indeed, they said in terms that their recommendations were largely conditional on this process of reform being completed. If it was not to be completed the Commission considered that their proposals with regard to reserved matters might as well be confined to doctrinal questions only. In such circumstances, the present methods of dealing with ritual and ceremonial cases would have to remain—unsatisfactory as they were.

(continued on page 180)

\* *The Ecclesiastical Courts: Principles of Reconstruction*. S.P.C.K., 1954. 15s. 6d.



# NEWS DIARY

January 25-31

## Wednesday, January 25

Soviet Ambassador in Washington delivers a personal message to President Eisenhower from Marshal Bulganin

Committee set up under the chairmanship of Mr. C. W. Guillebaud to review cost of National Health Service recommends no immediate changes

Field-Marshal Sir John Harding returns from London to Cyprus

## Thursday, January 26

President Coty invites M. Guy Mollet, French Socialist leader, to form a Government

Negotiations are to begin for new scales of salaries for teachers in primary and secondary schools

Colonial Secretary makes statement in Commons about Cyprus

## Friday, January 27

Governor of Cyprus again sees Archbishop Makarios

Warsaw Treaty Powers hold meeting in Prague

200th anniversary of the birth of Mozart is commemorated in many countries

## Saturday, January 28

Letters exchanged by Marshal Bulganin and President Eisenhower are published. President Eisenhower rejects proposal for bilateral treaty of friendship

Warsaw Treaty Powers admit east Germany to their joint military command

Three newspaper editors are arrested in Bombay on charges of encouraging violence during recent riots

## Sunday, January 29

The Queen and Duke of Edinburgh attend a remembrance service in the cathedral church of Lagos

M. Mollet completes formation of his Cabinet

Death of H. L. Mencken, American critic and journalist

## Monday, January 30

Anglo-American talks open at the White House in Washington

Colonial Secretary makes statement in Commons about proposed jamming of broadcasts to Cyprus from Athens

Russian trawlers are arrested by Norwegian navy

## Tuesday, January 31

Report of committee under chairmanship of Sir Edwin Herbert criticises administration of nationalised electricity supply industry

French Prime Minister presents his programme to National Assembly

The Queen receives loyal address from Nigerian Parliament



The Royal Tour of Nigeria: the Queen with Oba Adeniji-Adela II, President of the Lagos Town Council, who presented a loyal address to Her Majesty on her arrival in the capital on January 28. On the dais are the Duke of Edinburgh and the Governor-General of Nigeria, Sir James Robertson



Earl Attlee photographed before taking his seat for the first time in the House of Lords on January 25



Salisbury House, Edmonton, which is to receive a grant from the Min for its preservation. Dating from the sixteenth century, it is probably the house in Edmonton and is one of the few of its kind left in the north. Before the war it was used as a museum

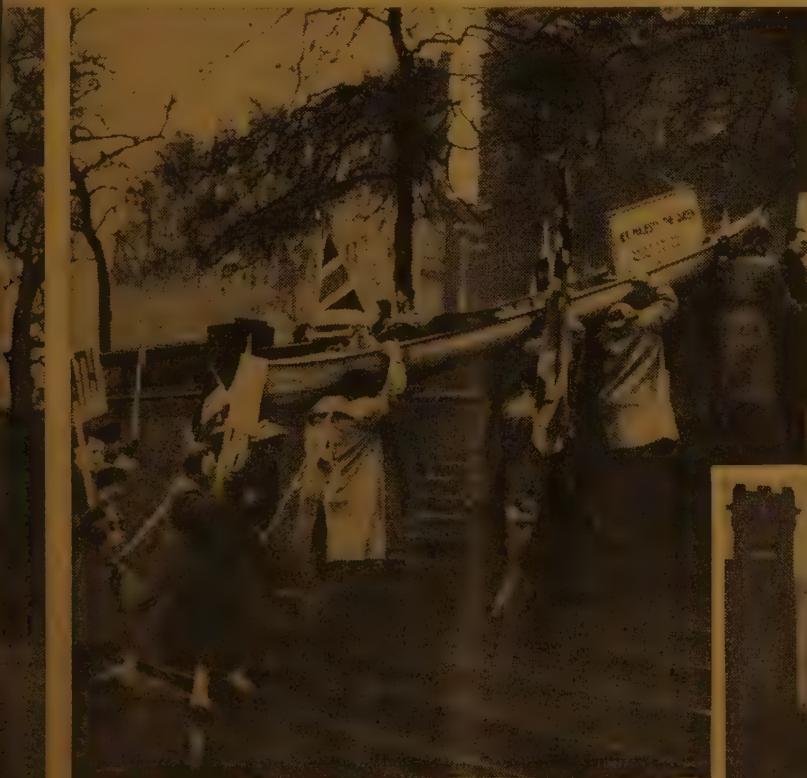




the opening ceremony (performed by Signor Gronchi, the Italian President) of the Winter Olympic Games at Cortina d'Ampezzo, northern Italy, on January 26. A thousand competitors from thirty-two countries are taking part



Cypriots handing in shotguns and sporting rifles at a police station in Nicosia last week. This followed a ban on the possession of such weapons to prevent their being stolen by terrorists; in a number of cases weapons were stolen on their way to the police station. On January 25 Sir John Harding returned to Cyprus from London after his talks with the Prime Minister, and two days later met Archbishop Makarios again



A deputation, bearing a petition to the Queen protesting against the proposed closing of the Kennet and Avon Canal, starting its march to the Ministry of Transport after landing at Westminster from a river cruiser last Saturday. The petition was carried 150 miles from Bristol by river and canal



A mural in the waiting-hall of the new passenger and cargo building at Southampton which was opened on January 25 by Mr. G. J. Jooste, High Commissioner for South Africa. The theme of the mural is 'The Lusiads', the sixteenth-century Portuguese epic poem by Camões, on Vasco da Gama's voyage of discovery round the Cape of Good Hope in 1497



Right: the Derwent Reservoir, on the borders of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, overflowing as a result of heavy rain last week



(continued from page 177)

I have only been able to summarise in the briefest outline the conclusions of the Lloyd-Jacob Report. It is a masterly document, which presents its recommendations, as all good reports of the kind must do, against a consideration of their historical background. Those recommendations would certainly bring about a long-overdue reduction in the number of Church courts, and would also greatly simplify and improve proceedings in conduct cases. As to its recommendations upon reserved cases, which were a good deal more radical, the short and all-important question to be asked is: Will they work? To this the answer can only be that they will doubtless work—if the law is in fact reformed as the Commission hoped that it would be, and is accepted in its reformed state by the generality of churchmen. But will this happen? To be sure, a start has been made with such reform. But it is a task that is likely to be long and in the highest degree controversial. It involves, in the first place, the framing and passing into law of revised canons which at least a very large majority of the clergy are ready to obey. No one can say at this stage when, or indeed if, this aim will be accomplished. Readers of *The Last Chronicle of Barset* will no doubt remember how Mrs. Proudie in a fit of anger demanded that her husband should

bring the unhappy Mr. Crawley to trial before the Court of Arches. In Mrs. Proudie's days—when ecclesiastical *causes célèbres* were more frequent than now they are—the Church's courts were better known to church people than they are in 1956. Today we may guess that few lay people, even few bishop's wives, would be able to give much of an account of the powers of the Court of Arches over erring clergymen. Some people would perhaps contend that this relative obscurity in which the Church's courts now work is no bad thing—tending as it does to lower the temperature in ecclesiastical disputes. But probably few churchmen—certainly very few who are also lawyers—would regard the present situation, in which large parts of the Church's law are disregarded in practice, as otherwise anything but deplorable. In the circumstances, we are bound to be grateful for the Lloyd-Jacob Report, which proposes a series of reforms by which that situation might largely be amended—if certain conditions were fulfilled. In these days, when suspicion in the Church is less strong, and when, to quote the words of one learned Chancellor, 'there is an oecumenical feeling in the air', it is perhaps not too much to hope that before very many years have passed the Church may find for herself acceptable ways of realising those conditions.—*Third Programme*

## The Heart of a King

An incident at Nuneham, 1856

Mrs. Harcourt: wife of the Rev. William Harcourt.  
Dr. William Buckland (1784-1856), formerly Dean of Westminster,  
Professor of Mineralogy, and Reader in Geology at Oxford.

### I—BEFORE DINNER

Mrs. Harcourt: I hope you will be pleased, your fellow-guest  
Tonight will be Dean Buckland, such a dear,  
So dodderly now, but brilliant at his best;  
He loves, I know, to be invited here.

You've no idea how vast his knowledge is,  
And yet he's, oh, so modest all the same!  
THEO and GEO are the two chief OLOGIES  
In which he has made so great a name.

A shade eccentric, but we must allow  
Great men their foibles—I think so, don't you?  
(I think it best to let you know this now  
In case of strange things he may say or do.)

Over beaches trudging and across hills  
He used to hunt out every sort of stones,  
And in the pulpit, brandishing some fossils,  
Praised the Creator and found sermons, yes, in bones.

He'd find in mud a moral, and unravel  
God's purpose from a pebble, preach  
Sermons so full of grace and gravel  
My husband called them *lapidary* speech.

But here he is! How are you, Mr. Dean?  
How nice this is! We hope we see you well?

Dr. Buckland: Ah, *how*, dear lady, can I tell?  
I'm not the man I've been,  
No, not at all, not I!  
Sometimes when I try  
To step I stumble,  
Try not to tumble—  
Bad to tumble—  
Mustn't slip or stumble.

Steps are so steep, and stones  
Are slippery; and bones,  
Old bones, are brittle; so are stones,  
Some stones; don't want to break my bones  
Like biscuits, want to make old bones,  
Old broken bones don't mend.  
I'm old, I can't pretend  
I'm not. I stoop; I stumble  
When I walk; and when I talk, I mumble;  
And when I feel, I fumble;  
And one more thing, I can't unbend,  
And as I near my end  
I find I tend,  
Yes, more and more I tend  
To grumble.

Mrs. Harcourt: Oh, not at all, a younger man might covet  
A quarter of your energy and charm,  
The sight of you's a pleasure, and we love it—  
But dinner's ready, may I take your arm?

### II—DURING DINNER

Dr. Buckland: As I was going to say,  
As I was thinking just the other day,  
My memory's not as active as it was.  
Since I was young (I *was* young, was I not?)  
I ask because my memory's not  
As active as it was),  
Since I was young, I say,  
I've never tasted claret quite so choice—  
It warms the memory and restores the voice.

Forgive me if I take, with your permission,  
To being somewhat talkative—  
I find good wine, uncorkative,  
Drives me to reminiscion.

Dear Mrs. Harcourt, do you know Lyme Regis?  
I well remember a Miss Mary Anning  
In Eighteen-Twenty-something, there beneath the aegis  
Of her good father. One would see them scanning



Some curious formation. Carrying a box  
For specimens, and the neatest little hammer,  
She'd listen to his explanations of the rocks,  
Just like a bright-eyed pupil with a crammer.

Then one day peering, just about as high as  
Tiptoes allowed her, suddenly she saw  
Embedded in a stratum of blue lias  
A startling fossil never seen before.

Those wondrous bones, imagine, had been lying  
By God's good Providence preserved intact till  
That very moment, ready for identifying  
By *me*—how fortunate!—as the *Pterodactyl*!

To say our senses make the truest teachers  
Seems rather pagan, does it not? But oh, by Jove,  
Something (I hope due reverence for God's creatures)  
Impelled me then to *taste* that treasure trove.

Since then I have always found a quick  
Flick of the tongue enables me to test  
The surfaces of substances—often a lick  
Confirms what I had only guessed.

Believe me—I would be ashamed to boast—  
Blindfold I'd name, by taste alone,  
The colours of marbles, and tell most  
Varieties of semi-precious stone.

Mrs. Harcourt: Do tell us, Dr. Buckland, is it true,  
What has been said of you,  
That you have had a mind to feast—  
Not out of greed, I'm quite convinced—  
On every sort of bird and beast,  
On roasted mice and buzzards minced?

Dr. Buckland: Quite true, quite true—not out of gluttony,  
But in a spirit of enquiry.  
The buzzard, I may say, tastes muttoney,  
The texture of its flesh is wiry:  
I feel quite sure you've never heard  
It vaunted as a table-bird.

I think that I may say  
Without the least exaggeration  
That I have eaten my way  
Through more than half the animal creation.

Mrs. Harcourt: What to your palate was the least acceptable?  
What was the farthest from delectable?

Dr. Buckland: I think that on the whole,  
Dear Mrs. Harcourt, quite the worst  
And nastiest was the *mole*:  
No, viler still—I once made bold to try  
What tasted quite accurst,  
A large *bluebottle* fly.

### III—AFTER DINNER

Mrs. Harcourt: We've something curious here  
For you to identify,  
We shan't give you a clue—  
Now, Mr. Dean, do try!

Dr. Buckland: It's very light in weight,  
Like pumice-stone, dark grey,  
I'll touch it with my tongue . . .  
Volcanic, I should say.

(Touching it with his tongue, he accidentally swallows it)

Mrs. Harcourt: Don't say you've swallowed it! Oh, no!

Dr. Buckland: Quite inadvertently. I felt it go  
Down like a meteorite. I feel it *here*.

A stoppage may ensue, I fear.  
Animal and vegetable  
Are edible and assimilable,  
But such a solid lump of mineral  
Must be incombustible,  
And by this miserable sinner'll  
Prove surely wholly indigestible.

Mrs. Harcourt: Oh, Mr. Dean, I understand your panic,  
But pray be calmer, I can lull it:  
What has vanished down your gullet  
Is not a stone, it is *organic*.

Dr. Buckland: I feel relieved. Don't tell me! Let me guess . . .  
It had a certain dryness, huskiness;  
It was compact, and free from hair,  
Like the round stone that's found inside  
An avocado pear,  
But dried.

Mrs. Harcourt: You cannot guess, so let me speak.  
It was unique.

Dr. Buckland: Then precious too! Forgive me! Do you think  
I might imbibe some strong emetic drink  
And so bring back this treasure to the light?  
It did seem like a meteorite.

Mrs. Harcourt: Not that! It's gone! Upon my soul  
How strange the ways of chance!  
That thing was bought in France.  
After the Revolution someone stole  
Relics from tombs. Oh, Mr. Dean,  
What an unheard-of fate is yours!  
Quite by mistake you've swallowed whole  
The heart of a King! Of LOUIS QUATORZE!

Dr. Buckland: I little thought I'd live to see the day  
When I'd incorporate *Le Roi Soleil*—  
Or even part of him.  
What would he say  
If he but knew an *étranger*  
Had swallowed, like a pill, the very heart of him?  
I fear he'd wish me harm,  
I fear he'd say  
'*Sale cardiophage! Quel monstre infame!*  
*Who gave him leave to avaler*  
*Part of Our Person? Comment? Quoi?*  
*Off with his tête! Lèse-majesté!*  
*Le coeur, c'est moi!*'

Dear Mrs. Harcourt, I must take my leave.  
Delightful evening! Thank you such a lot.  
I've talked too much, I do believe.  
Yes, I must go, my head feels rather hot.

The elixir of the grape—good gracious!—  
Can, in this vale of tears, console us,  
But makes an old man too loquacious:  
And swallowing that unwonted bolus  
Makes the room swim before my eyes.  
Most humbly I apologise  
For putting that royal relic out of sight.  
I feel unwell . . . Thank you again, Good-night.

### IV—EPILOGUE

Mrs. Harcourt: That night Dean Buckland died. Don't laugh!  
He lies in the Abbey. Someone wrote  
In fun, of course, an epitaph,  
And this was it—you mustn't quote!

'Here lies a Very Reverend shade,  
A man of parts,  
Who holds, till the Last Trump be played,  
An Ace of Hearts.'

WILLIAM PLOMER  
—Third Programme



## Art

# Round the Galleries

By DAVID SYLVESTER

PAINTERS and sculptors today mostly seem to want to be as hairy-chested as a Hemingway (and that includes many of the women). The results of this aspiration can be seen, for example, in the Marlborough's current exhibition of King Kong and his Washboard Band. Others, however, give the impression—perhaps willfully, perhaps not—that they are very much cruder than they really are. Criticisms of the Tate's American show suggest that some people think Jackson Pollock is a brutal, messy painter. Such critics must have been reading so much about Pollock's practice of dribbling paint out of holes in the bottoms of tins—which certainly sounds crude—that they haven't left themselves time to look at Pollock's paintings and to find out that, whatever they may be or not be, they're about as crude as Fragonards.

One school of contemporary painters which is utterly removed from any suggestion of crudity is the so-called School of Aix, led by Masson, Tal Coat, and Rouvre. The Aix style is often characterised by saying that the paintings look like blown-up details of Cézanne water-colours. But it may be that the most important source of their inspiration—certainly in Masson's case—is the late work of Turner.

Michael Wishart, now showing at the Redfern, is a young English painter (born in 1928) who works in Provence and has attached himself stylistically to the School of Aix. The influence of Tal Coat is very evident in his pictures. There are traces, too, of other influences—Francis Gruber and Graham Sutherland (not, as it happens, the Provençal Sutherland, but the Sutherland of the Welsh landscapes). Wishart's paintings, however, are a perfect illustration of the fact that the painter whose work is most personal is not at all necessarily the one whose influences it is difficult to discern. Wishart's 'Camarguais Landscape' is palpably derivative, in its use of transparent whites, from Tal Coat, but the long horizontal line of cobalt blue in the distance is enough to take it right out of Tal Coat's orbit. There is a truly unique sensibility manifest in these paintings, a sensibility that is at once shamelessly romantic and deeply sophisticated, and which endows the wide open spaces of the great outdoors with a sort of hothouse preciousness.

It is the curiously English romantic feeling in Wishart's paintings that makes them an important contribution to the School of Aix. It has always seemed to me that the Turner-esque element in the work of the School has been external, too much a matter of style, too little of feeling. In Wishart's work, I believe, the School has recovered something of Turner's spirit for the first time. His exhibition at the Redfern includes a painting, 'Fish and Plankton', of a stranded sun-fish dying on the shore, in which the fantastic, luminous, poignant world of Turner's sea-monsters has come to life again. Wishart is a painter able to convince us that the visual facts—light, space, distance—in themselves possess the poetic magic of fantasy, do not have to be

invested with it: which is to say that he is one of the select band of English romantic painters who are truly painters.

At Heffer's Gallery in Cambridge (until February 18), there is an interesting exhibition, sponsored by the Cambridge Society of Arts, of five of our best woman-artists of the youngest generation. All are talented, two of them outstandingly so—Elizabeth Frink and Diana Cumming. Miss Frink, one of the most emphatically unladylike lady

sculptors, shows some drawings and two of her characteristic sculptures of dead animals hanging upside down—a 'Leveret' in which the forms are too literally taken from nature to have life in themselves, and a 'Dead Cat', a powerful image in which the lifeless body acquires another kind of life that heightens the meaning of its death.

The works by Miss Cumming cover a variety of styles, all of which are given a marked personal twist. Her fantastic and beautiful etching of the animals leaving the Ark might be defined stylistically by saying that it has some affinity to Chagall. The flower-pieces and the portrait of 'Charis', with their astringent, almost cruel, rendering of detail, are in a Gothic manner reminiscent of Lucian Freud. A 'Tuscan Mooncape' is transparent and diaphanous, and composed like a Chinese landscape. The 'Trees in November', on the other hand, is an impasto painting. Every leaf is a separate heavy blob of paint: the blobs, of yellow, brown, and green, become a sort of cascade, so that the leaves, still on the trees, seem, as we look at them, to be gracefully, sadly, falling down.

Susan Benson, like Miss Cumming, has been doing some painting in Italy since she left the



'Daisies', by Diana Cumming: from the exhibition at Heffer's, Cambridge

Slade. It is remarkable how much her always very sensitive but hitherto rather mean style has thereby bloomed. Not only have the colour and the paint become much enriched, but the drawing and design have acquired assurance and breadth.

Pamela Lloyd's recent work likewise suggests a search for broader effects. Miss Lloyd's world is, of course, a satellite of Elinor Bellingham-Smith's, but her paintings, and above all her drawings, at Heffer's show that she is moving away from that artist's exquisite intimism. I am not sure that the rather monumental conception and scale of her figure-paintings is altogether in accord with their wistful idealisations. But there are two large landscapes, almost schematic in their forms and more positive in their mood, which sustain their ambitious size well.

Caroline James is rather younger than the other painters here. She is in fact alone among them in still being a student. While she observes sensitively and has a feeling for colour, at present her paintings have the fault, common in students' work, of appearing to be unfinished because the painter was afraid of taking them further for fear of spoiling them.

The exhibition is well hung, but it is a pity the catalogue contains neither biographical notes nor dates for the exhibits.



# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## The Christian Hope and Physical Evil

Sir,—Lord Hailsham thinks it 'rather quaint' of me to use the term 'physical evil'. I myself am not fond of this term: I prefer to say 'suffering' *tout court*. But the title of the series of five broadcasts by eminent Christians from which this correspondence arose—'The Christian Hope and Physical Evil'—was not chosen by me. The Religious Broadcasting Department of the B.B.C. has not yet gone the length of consulting me on such matters!

However, there is good enough precedent for the term 'physical evil'. Thus Hastings' *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics* says:

There is evil which befalls us, which we suffer and endure, and . . . there is evil which we do . . . It is not easy to find appropriate names for the two kinds. Fairbairn designates them *physical* and *moral* (*Philosophy of the Christian Religion*, page 134), but 'physical' must be used in a somewhat unusual and perhaps scarcely justifiable sense. (Article on 'Good and Evil', Vol. VI, p. 318)

Lord Hailsham applies the curious epithet 'Philistine' to my statement that evil creates a special intellectual problem for the theist, but not for the humanist. May I refer him again to the *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics*, where, in the article already quoted, the same 'Philistine' point is made:

It is to be noted that the problem of evil of any kind exists in most acute perplexing form only for those holding a Theistic view. Just in proportion as God is held to be omnipotent, all-wise, all-loving . . . does the existence of evil become an ever deeper mystery. . . It is meaningless to criticise and protest against the scheme of things . . . if there is no One responsible for it, who, we conceive rightly or wrongly, might or should have made it other than it is. (page 320)

This statement is followed by a penetrating and scholarly survey headed 'The Main Types of Solution that have been Offered', and the author (the Rev. W. D. Niven) concludes:

We have seen that every proposed solution either leaves the old question unanswered or raises a new one. The problem is for the human mind insoluble. However far we may get with an answer, ultimately 'There is a veil past which we cannot see'; and the final and complete answer to *Si Deus bonus, unde malum* lies within. (page 423)

In short, there is no escape from St. Augustine's dilemma.

Miss Violet Markham, Lord Hailsham, and Mr. John Ferguson all ask me how I can account for the good in the universe; and Miss Markham suggests that the existence of good creates as great a problem for the humanist as the existence of evil does for the orthodox Christian. But this is not so. The intellectual 'problem of evil' (as I am in danger of repeating *ad nauseam*) exists only for those who believe that the universe was created by an all-good and all-powerful God. If there were a parallel 'problem of good', it would exist only for those who believed that the universe was created by an all-bad and all-powerful Devil. I doubt whether anyone has held this view.

For the humanist, the existence of good and evil impulses in man, and of beneficent and maleficent forces in nature, no more requires a supernatural explanation than any other natural fact. Anyone who postulates a personal God to account for the good must, by the same reasoning, postulate a personal Devil to account for

the evil. But there is no need for either hypothesis.—Yours, etc.,  
Aberdeen MARGARET KNIGHT

Sir,—There is nothing new about Mrs. Knight's arguments. They have been used over and over again by men of brilliant intellect and they must have occurred and be still occurring to the great majority of thinking people.

But the most striking thing about them is that, though they seem unanswerable, they fail to convince. Belief in God persists, religion continues to exercise an immense influence over mankind, the churches go on as before, and we still reverence Christian values.

What can be the explanation of this mystery—a mystery almost as great as the existence of evil itself? Surely it is that there is a logic of the soul, which transcends men-made logic and even transcends time and space themselves. This seems to be the belief of those who, like our great poets, see deepest into the heart of reality. For example, Shakespeare says:

There are more things in Heaven and Earth,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.  
Horatio,

Milton said that beautiful church music

Dissolved him into ecstasies  
And brought all heaven before his eyes.

Wordsworth experienced a sublime sense

Of something far more deeply interfused  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns

and he said elsewhere of those who hold such arid philosophy as Mrs. Knight's that

They murder to dissent

and M. Skinner, one of the best of our modern poets, writes:

Such my faith or fondness, which you will,  
The strange conviction does possess me still  
That by heroic act and noble deed  
Agony, abnegation, loving heed  
Our mortal nature can from time be freed . . .  
And reach a plane of life transcending times.

And so I could go on quoting *ad nauseam*.

Against convictions so deeply held as the above Mrs. Knight's arguments beat as vainly as do the waves against the rocks.—Yours, etc.,  
Harlow E. PERCIVAL HORSEY

Sir,—I am afraid it is still my opinion that Mr. Binns should not only have been aware of the correct method of referring to 'St. Thomas' works, but should have made use of it in this context.

Further, I do not accept his judgement that St. Thomas introduces into his treatment of the third article 'a subtle but quite meaningless distinction'. It is, in fact, not only full of meaning, but a quite elementary distinction, which should be familiar to Mr. Binns after his half-century or so of Thomistic studies, between *ea quae sunt per se* and *ea quae sunt per accidens*. Let me illustrate the point in the following way. If, at the end of a long criminal trial, a quite unescapable verdict of guilty were returned, I should not be scandalised if I heard Mr. Binns expressing great satisfaction that justice had been done. But I should decline to believe that he, or any other kindly and sensible human being, would rejoice at the criminal's penal sentence *as such*.

The *beati* in St. Thomas' article have this

advantage, no doubt—that for them there can be no question about the complete justice of both verdict and sentence.—Yours, etc.,  
London, S.W.1 JOHN M. T. BARTON

[This correspondence is now closed. We regret that for reasons of space we have not been able to publish more than a few of the many letters received on the subject.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

## Science and the Art of Living

Sir,—Whilst I usually find myself broadly in agreement with the views expressed by the distinguished contributors to your columns I never cease to be astonished by some of the arrogant claims put forward by those who purport to tell us about the claims of science and scientists and their assessments of the contribution that science can make, if given a chance, to the solution of the pressing material and spiritual problems that vex the modern world.

Rightly or wrongly I have always been led to believe that an important feature of the humanist tradition of western Europe was the teaching that science was ethically neutral and whilst it could throw much light on how things came to be and how the natural world worked it could tell us nothing of why things were as they are nor could it provide any guide to the art of living or attempt to tell us the object of man's existence on earth and what aims he should pursue. To my utter astonishment I find that eminent persons such as Sir Geoffrey Vickers (THE LISTENER, January 19) are now telling the public that this is specious nonsense and provide a variety of reasons, plausible enough, why science can provide a complete ABC to the art of conducting our lives here on earth. How empirical studies such as physics, biology, and psychology, which by their very nature must exclude teleological concepts and values from their sphere of operations, can teach us how to live I fail to imagine and Sir Geoffrey's thesis gives us no assistance.

As though this was not enough we find Sir Francis Simon (THE LISTENER, January 19) putting forward the most absurd claims on behalf of scientists in the Third Programme. I am not qualified to quarrel with the strong arguments he puts forward to support the view that the shortage of scientists in the west is putting us at a serious disadvantage in the technological (horrid word) competition with the U.S.S.R. This is most likely true and we must so organise the educational system that more qualified men are produced. What is so alarming is the plea he makes for 'the adjustment of our educational system to the demands of the technological age'. I am not an Arts graduate and have no specific humanist axe to grind but surely the idea of our system of education being geared to the production of 'half-men' and technocrats is a terrifying one. Not only would extensive privilege be given to science teachers but large sums of money in the form of high salaries would be offered as an incentive to the scientific *corps d'élite* that they produced. I may be unfashionable but I was always taught to believe that a profession was in some sense a vocation and that to put monetary reward as the prime incentive was somehow degrading and unethical. But I shall be told by your distinguished scientific contributors that this is contrary to the spirit of the times where we must compete or die.

Sir Francis also argues that there are too few



scientists on the boards of industrial concerns and in the administrative civil service. This is probably true but surely he cannot seriously put forward the claim that government, with all the arts of statesmanship and diplomacy which that implies, should be entrusted to 'experts' who have by their own deliberate choice, stultified the most important side of their nature, that concerned with the personality of man as a whole, the end and object of his existence on earth, with ethics, art, and philosophy. This is now a highly unpopular view but I think it to be the right one. There is now a great deal of talk about the arts being unfair to science but we hear very little from scientists and their public spokesmen about the scientist taking a balanced view. The 'Greek ideal of a balanced education' applies here just as much as it does to the prejudice mentioned by Sir Francis Simon.

Yours, etc.,

Guildford M. R. P. GREGSON

### U.S.S.R. and Technological Leadership

Sir,—I am afraid that the recent talk by Sir Francis Simon (THE LISTENER, January 19) will leave a number of technologists very suspicious of the current fashionable crusade for a New Deal for technology in this country. The tone of this talk illustrates unconsciously one of the reasons for the lagging behind of British technology, namely, the perpetuation of a caste system of class distinction in science and technology.

Sir Francis mentioned in his talk 'the curious prejudice . . . that a real education is one restricted to the arts', and in his conclusions spoke of the need 'to overcome the lack of understanding in the arts men who occupy almost all the key positions in this country'. Fine sentiments and good fighting talk, but alas, it would inspire more confidence if it had not been preceded by this: 'An excessive proportion of our engineers is educated at the low level of the technical colleges, though many would deserve a proper grounding in the fundamentals'. Here, indeed, is a curious prejudice, based on an error of fact about the nature of technological courses outside the universities. Unfortunately for the wellbeing of this country, this prejudice is only too prevalent among many who should know better, and tends to lead to the third-class university man being invariably preferred to the first-class technical college man.

It seems to me that Sir Francis is implying that if only we can get rid of all the *Literae Humaniores* boys at the top and enthroned, not philosopher-kings, but Doctor-of-Philosophy-kings, then all will be well; and as for all the holders of Higher National Certificates and associate members of professional institutions, well—'What a pity their education was at such a low level'.

Here is a lack of understanding which if overcome may enable us to make better use of the technologists we have at the present.

Yours, etc.,

Bristol, 6

P. F. TILEY

### A Time to Recall

Sir,—Mr. Michael Tippett, in his reflections on the Mozart bicentenary (THE LISTENER of January 26) quotes from Goethe's *Eins und Alles* (1821) the lines:

*Und umzuschaffen das Geschaffene,  
Damit sich's nicht zum Starren waffne,  
Wirkt ewiges, lebendiges Tun—*

and says they 'can be roughly translated':

To refashion the fashioned,  
Lest it stiffen into iron,  
Means an endless vital activity

This translation is too exceptionable, even as a

'rough' one, to pass unchallenged. The subject of the sentence is 'Tun' and a correct translation would run:

An endless vital activity is at work,  
refashioning what has already once been fashioned,  
lest it should harden into rigidity.

Goethe is here not speaking of, still less extolling, the human 'urge and drive to refashion and invent and overturn which has gone on till our own day'. Throughout the final conservative and classical stage of his development, which had begun long before he wrote *Eins und Alles*, he was, alike in 'politics and in the arts, distrustful of and indeed hostile to all such revolutionary urges and drives. The 'endless vital activity' of which he speaks in our poem is that of the *Weltseele* or *Weltgeist*; he is concerned with how man can achieve some sense of underlying stability and permanency in spite of the transiency of his own being and works and the incessant fluctuations of the cosmic processes. As a protest against contemporary misunderstandings of *Eins und Alles*, which would have made of him such an apostle of Dionysian upheavalism—as Mr. Tippett represents him to be, he wrote in 1829 the companion poem *Vermächtnis*. He is indeed conscious, as *Eins und Alles* betrays, of 'the deep unrest' in all things, but his striving is to set limits to and transcend this unrest:

*Und alles Drängen, alles Ringen  
Ist ewige Ruh in Gott dem Herrn.*

If one brings him into the comparison between Mozart and Beethoven, it should be on the side of Mozart rather than of Beethoven, whose tempestuousness he regarded with distaste.

Yours, etc.,

Edinburgh, 4

EUDO C. MASON

### 'Mozart in Retrospect'

Sir,—Your reviewer of my book *Mozart in Retrospect*, in THE LISTENER of January 21, suggests that I should have used the term 'rococo' rather than 'baroque' to describe Neumann's church at Vierzeheiligen. I must point out that, in reference to south German and Austrian architecture, no less an authority than Professor Pevsner (*An Outline of European Architecture*, pages 181-186) uses the terms almost interchangeably.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

A. HYATT KING

### Oxford and its Traffic Problems

Sir,—I regret that in trying to correct the errors of Mr. Sparrow I caught the infection and made an error of my own. The *Gazette* to which I should have referred is that of December 1, not December 15, and the majority unreservedly opposed to inner relief roads between Norham Gardens and the Isis was 416 to 66 and not 405 to 10.—Yours, etc.,

Exeter College, Oxford NEVILL GOGHILL

### 'Look'

Sir,—In your kindly notice (THE LISTENER, January 26) of the recent 'Look' television programme in which I took part, you refer to me as 'of golden eagle fame'. This is not correct. The owner of Mr. Ramshaw, the famous golden eagle, is Captain C. W. R. Knight, who is much my senior in years and experience. I know him and admire his skill and work, but I am no relation.

May I also hasten to say that I am also unrelated to Mrs. Knight who figures so prominently in your correspondence columns in connection with religious controversy.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

MAXWELL KNIGHT

## End of Laissez-faire?

(continued from page 164)

the Conservative leaders have given up the idea of making sterling convertible; but the target date has probably moved a long way into the future. Moreover, the experience of 1955 has brought home sharply the inherent possibilities of conflict between convertibility and other desirable objectives of economic policy.

Making sterling convertible, and keeping it so, means that Britain must stand constantly girded to deal with an outflow of several hundred million dollars worth of gold at a moment's notice. It must be prepared to react to this situation, for example, by the most drastic use of interest rates and credit policy—regardless of the effects that these may have on industrial investment. Convertibility means in the strictest sense that the market—the short term market—is king.

And that could be dangerous as the experience of 1955 has shown. Last year demonstrated that a welcome increase in capital investment at home—an increase which is by no means excessive by the standards of what other countries have been doing in recent years—can, when it comes on top of an unrestricted and prosperous domestic market, dangerously weaken the pound sterling. Throughout the year, Mr. Butler fought against proposals to kill the great investment drive, which he had deliberately stimulated, although this would undoubtedly have been the quickest and surest way of putting the balance of payments right.

The situation now is that there is one school of thought in the Conservative Party, associated with Mr. Butler, which gives a high priority to investment in British industry and is prepared to pursue a policy which ensures this, even at some cost in terms of other desirable objectives. There is another school of thought which accords an overriding priority to the early achievement of sterling convertibility—and with it to the revival of all the traditional trading activities of the City of London. In 1955 these two views came into direct conflict with one another for the first time. It will be interesting to see where Mr. Macmillan stands in this controversy. Certainly, if there is any idea of having convertibility in 1956 and rebuilding our depleted gold reserve for the purpose, it looks as if the new Chancellor will have to be prepared to give British industrial investment a much harder knock than has been countenanced so far. My own impression is that convertibility, which, as I said earlier, was to have been the crown of the new Conservative economic policy, has been put on the shelf.

It may be objected that all that I am saying in this instance, and indeed in the other matters of policy which I have discussed, is that the Conservatives had a difficult year in 1955 and that this has caused delay in achieving certain of their economic objectives. However, I believe that the changes in Tory thinking brought about by the experiences of the past year are likely to prove more lasting than that. The process of reconsidering the proper role of market forces in the economy is still going on, and I would not like to predict the final outcome. But it is already clear, at any rate, that the ideal of the open economy, automatically regulated by the pressures of the market, both in the domestic and in the international sphere, no longer dominates Conservative policy in the way that it did during the heroic period of Tory liberalism from 1952 to 1954.

Is the corollary going to be that the state will tend to be brought back to a more active role in the management of the economy than the Conservatives have allowed it hitherto?

—Third Programme



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## The Domestic Servant Class in 18th Century England. By Jean Hecht.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.

## Housekeeping in the 18th Century By Rosamond Bayne-Powell.

Murray. 18s.

THE FIRST ENUMERATION of domestic servants in this country was made in the 1831 census, which disclosed a total of 783,000, including 670,000 women, or nearly one in every twenty of the population. The census showed that servants were nearly twice as numerous as persons employed in industry, and only 100,000 fewer than agricultural labourers. Yet, as Sir John Clapham remarked thirty years ago, this major occupation group is not referred to even incidentally in those parliamentary papers from which most of our knowledge of nineteenth-century labour conditions is derived, and up to that time no one had even begun to write its history.

A beginning has now been made by Mr. Hecht in a monograph on the domestic servant class in the eighteenth century, while for the general reader the field is covered in a chapter of Mrs. Bayne-Powell's work. As might be expected, not much material has survived about conditions in one-servant households which must have accounted for the great majority of the female servants; Mr. Hecht has little to say of such households beyond recording 'a scarcity of women willing to serve as domestics in less opulent families'; and Mrs. Bayne-Powell confines herself to quoting and endorsing a contemporary statement that the slavery of the maid of all work in London was worse than 'the slavery of the West Indies and the slavery of the galleys'. Both authors are primarily concerned with domestic service in the houses of the rich, and especially of the higher nobility, whose household books, preserved in their archives, contain a wealth of exact information not only as to wages but as to food, accommodation, clothing, etc. In these much sought-after establishments conditions were good. The Duke of Bedford's steward received a salary of £100 per annum; his French cook had £60 and his English cook £30; and in 1772 the total wages bill for his indoor staff of 42 amounted to £870. Wages however were by no means the only or principal attraction of such establishments. The food and drink were abundant and excellent; at Cannons, the Duke of Chandos' seat, each servant received 21 ozs. of beef or mutton every day of the week except Wednesdays and Saturdays, when they got 14 oz. of pork; a gallon of ale a day was supplied to each of the two tables of upper servants and six gallons a day to the servants' hall; cider and wine were sometimes served. The Duke of Bedford's servants were luxuriously accommodated. Mrs. Bayne-Powell writes:

The clerk of the kitchen had three rooms of his own, the housekeeper had two and a closet, all excellently furnished. Even the kitchen maid had a room to herself with 'a fourpost bed with green harlequin furniture, a feather bed, bolster and pillows, a rug and a linsy bed quilt, four blankets, three old chairs, a deal table with a drawer, a dressing glass in a beech frame and a fender'.

Another attraction was the magnificent liveries supplied by the masters. Lord Derby's coachman and footman 'with their red feathers and flame coloured stockings' looked like 'figurantes'

from the opera house. An American observer describes the livery of the footmen as 'gaudy and fantastical to the last degree. They wore lace not only on the borders, but on all the seams of their garments, and their large cocked hats were surrounded with broad fringes of silver or gold'. Substantial additional earnings were derived from vails, the contemporary term for tips, which developed into such a nuisance that a movement originated in Scotland for their suppression. By a curious coincidence Mr. Hecht and Mrs. Bayne-Powell are guilty of an identical error on this topic, both using a passage in the Hervey memoirs to show that it was customary to tip servants when calling on friends in town, as well as after staying two or three days in the country, whereas Hervey in this passage states categorically that it was not.

Mr. Hecht devotes a chapter to servants who rose in the world but does not mention the two most striking cases, those of James Craggs the elder and Arthur Moore, who became respectively Postmaster General and a Lord of Trade after starting life as footmen, and of whom Horace Walpole has a pleasing story:

Old Craggs, who was angry with Arthur Moore, who had worn a livery too, and who was getting into a coach with him, turned about and said, 'God! Arthur, I am always going to get up behind; are not you?'

Also deserving of record, but unnoticed in these works, are the two baroneted Nabobs, Sir Francis Sykes, M.P., and Sir Thomas Rumbold, M.P., the former of whom started life as a footman and the latter as a club waiter serving under the future Sir Robert Mackreth, M.P., as recorded in a contemporary epigram:

When Mackreth served in Arthur's crew  
He said to Rumbold, 'Black my shoe',  
To which he answered 'Ay, Bob'.  
But when returned from India's land  
And grown too proud to brook command,  
He sternly answered 'Nay Bob'.

Besides the servant problem, Mrs. Bayne-Powell's book discusses such topics as eighteenth-century interior decoration, household equipment, meals, entertaining, sanitation, heating and lighting, health and cost of living. Her book can be recommended as a readable, well-informed and accurate picture of domestic life in the period. Two minor errors may be noticed: 'Rhenish' was not 'a red wine from Germany' but the contemporary name for hock; and it was no more incorrect in the eighteenth century to say 'was you' than it is nowadays to say 'aren't I'.

## My Host Michel. By J. A. Cole.

Faber. 15s.

The Germans like to portray themselves in political cartoons as the artless rustic Michel, so simple and trusting that he is fair game for designing foreigners. There is, of course, no other kind of foreigner. So in self-defence the Germans are compelled to adopt an attitude of suspicion quite alien to their real nature. That is the German story, and they, presumably, are sticking to it. Mr. Cole shows us the same subject from another angle by describing Germany and the Germans as seen by an informed guest in the decade since the war. The difference between the two portraits is, of course, not unexpected. The Germans who emerge from these pages are certainly not naive Michels. Neither do they drip blood. They are oddly like human beings, with familiar faults and virtues. These are people as they behave in homes, streets,

gardens, hotels, trains, seen in the abject servility of defeat and in the ruthless vigour of material recovery, individual yet somehow representative, and all, as perpetuated by Mr. Cole, credible and entertaining. We can learn much from this book; the Germans could learn even more. It is topical but not ephemeral. As a guide to that composite figment, the German character, it is first-rate. But it deserves more than specialist attention. Even the reader who has no interest at all in the German character must be held by this author's personality, expressed so forcefully, with such wit and literary judgment.

## The Pocket Guide to Wild Flowers

By David McClintock and R. S. Fitter.  
Collins. 25s.

A way of judging the great value of this book is to turn to plate 63. Ten kinds of plant are illustrated in colour (out of coloured likenesses of more than 600); they are Wild Daffodil, Wild Tulip, Birthwort, Yellow Star of Bethlehem, Bog Asphodel, the very rare Lady's Slipper, Pyrenean Lily, Montbretia, Yellow-eyed Grass, and the Bermuda Buttercup, an introduced *Oxalis* found in the bulb-fields of the Isles of Scilly. Does another popular book on the flowers, grasses, sedges, rushes, and ferns of Britain give coloured illustrations of the common, the rare, native, alien, and adventive?

This book removes the last of a reproach. Popular floras without number have appeared. Publishers have wasted money on botanical hacks who have wasted time on compiling, one out of another, floras in which the species have been stupidly selected and atrociously pictured, from which established yet quite common 'foreigners' have been excluded, and which have been woefully defective in many things, from nomenclature to facts of distribution.

Even the two better floras of the British Isles were more than half a century out of date, when, at last, four years ago, we were given the fat *Flora of the British Isles* by Clapham, Tutin, and Warberg—CTW, for short. This pocket guide owes much, but by no means everything, to CTW, including, for example, species its big brother does not include at all; its descriptions are admirably efficient and brief. By skilled abbreviations and devices it saves space enough to describe 1,306 species (compared, for example, with more than 2,350 described in CTW and 1,314 described in the now superseded Bentham and Hooker).

The miracle of miracles is that almost as many species are illustrated as included. Here again the compilers have been ingenious. First there are colour plates, picturing 600 species which have brightly coloured flowers, arranged in four colour-groups, blue to blue-purple, red to pink-purple, brown and yellow. Then follow monochrome illustrations of plants—700 altogether—with flowers that are entirely or predominantly green or white; and then nearly 200 line drawings of sedges, rushes, grasses, ferns, etc., as well as two pages of fruits of umbellifers and sedges. Are the plates good? All but fifty plants were newly drawn from live specimens, and while several of the colour plates show a carelessness altogether too common, which will never be cured unless reviewers nag incessantly at English publishers, process-engravers, and printers, there is for any shortcoming the compensation of an abundance and a generosity no one could have hoped for.

Far from showing the xenophobia of an older





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generation of field botanists, the authors include plants whether they are casuals, recent arrivals, garden-escapes, long-established aliens or natives. 'The criterion—what welcome intelligence—is, do they look wild or not?' Details, as you can expect, can be criticised. Newly invented English names are not always happy. Occasionally a spelling is unfortunate ('Forgetmenot' is like writing 'Stratfordonavon'). 'Watling Street Thistle' may have a historical warrant for *Eryngium campestre*, but is too insular for a plant so common abroad, if so rare at home. Occasionally a description is subjective (is Henbane 'evil-looking'? W. H. Hudson and others have considered it beautiful), or lacks a telling point (such as the rose scent of the root-stocks of Roseroot or the red colour of the water roots of the Crack Willow). The wonderful flower area of Burren in Co. Clare does not appear on the map; and unfortunately the better, far more handy, practice of having Latin and English names in one index instead of two has not been followed. Also the compilers have not decided the old crux of whether plant names should or should not be given the dignity of capitals: they get them and they don't get them in different parts of the book.

Yet what a book! How excellent that in an age of debasing journalism a 'popular' handbook should be so inclusive, should be compiled with so much critical intelligence, expert knowledge and sympathy for ordinary needs, and should not be expensive! It is a lesson to lazy publishers, and it should at last clear much feeble rubbish out of shops and shelves.

### Stranger in Italy. By Herbert Kubly. Gollancz. 18s.

Italy has become a favourite haunt for young American intellectuals since the war, and a number of American books have appeared about the Italian scene. Few of them, however, have been satisfactory, for the average American finds it difficult to understand Europe—let alone so complex a country as Italy. But Mr. Kubly has triumphed where most of his compatriots have failed; *Stranger in Italy* is one of the best works written about that country since the war. First of all, Mr. Kubly, who spent fourteen months on a Fulbright grant wandering up and down the Italian peninsula, really got to know the Italian people and fell in love with them. Secondly, he is a born writer, with a special gift for evoking the feeling of places. He also has a knack for describing the idiosyncrasies of the people whom he meets, and a witty style.

It might be thought that there is very little more to be said about Rome, Florence, or Naples, but this author, with his gift for making friends and with his fresh and enquiring eye, brings these cities alive and full of new interest. Of course, he is a romantic at heart, and he is constantly shocked by the anti-American sentiments now so prevalent in Italy. Unlike many Americans, however, he was not put off by the hostility he met in certain parts of the country, and some of his best chapters attempt to analyse why the United States has failed to win the affection of the post-war Italian people: 'I found that anti-Americanism is an abstract, impersonal sentiment hardly ever directed toward an individual. The Italian feels betrayed, abused and rejected, not by Americans but by America. This is because we have not paid him the courtesy of listening to him'.

In attempting to reach the warm hearts of the Italians, Mr. Kubly is often quite merciless when describing his fellow Americans. There is a witty but cruel account of a visit to Capri at the height of the tourist season, and he has little patience with some of the American officials whom he met in Rome. But the chapters describing Naples are brilliant. Here the author

really does break new ground, describing the appalling conditions in which so many Neapolitan families live in the grottoes underneath the city, and his studies of the street urchins who haunt the fashionable streets and *gallerias* are vivid and touching.

Many students of Italian life will be fascinated by his long account of *La Casa dello Scugnizzo* in Naples, a new kind of hostel for the homeless children of the streets, run by an idealistic Franciscan priest, Mario Borelli, and a few devoted helpers. In these passages, describing the Dead End kids of Naples, this young American writer shows a compassion and understanding unusual amongst his compatriots. But if *Stranger in Italy* deals at length with the poverty and miseries to be found in contemporary Italy it does not ignore the beauties of the country. There is an admirable account of a visit to Sicily, and Mr. Kubly's description of the Palio in Sienna is exciting and evocative. After reading this book one feels that if the United States could send more travellers to Europe like Mr. Herbert Kubly there would be much less anti-American feeling, and that is the highest praise this book can be given.

### The Bent World

By J. V. L. Casserley. Oxford. 21s.  
Democracy and Marxism

By H. B. Mayo. Oxford. 32s. 6d.

Where so many books are devoted to the study of the dangers of communism, it is refreshing to find two, published within a month, which also attempt a searching examination of those western values which communism endangers. The authors of these two books write from very different angles. Dr. Casserley is a priest—it is a tribute to his objectivity that it is not evident whether he is a Catholic or an Anglican. Writing from the point of view of the sincere and thoughtful Christian, he has many wise and penetrating things to say about western democracy which need saying. As de Tocqueville recognised, Christianity has never really been at home in Europe. But certain elements of our contemporary society, and as some believe those very elements which are worth preserving at the cost of any sacrifice, are derived from Christian foundations. Such are the inalienable value of the individual, the principle of the rule of law, the primacy of moral over material values. When Bracton wrote that 'there is no king where will is dominant and not law' he was merely restating a tradition which Christian writers had sought to keep alive for centuries.

But the more powerful, or evident, forces in modern western democracy, which Dr. Casserley would regard as in their essence little different from those in a communist state, derive from another tradition. Such are the revolutionary mystique, inherited from the French Revolution (which has been recently so brilliantly analysed by Camus as a destructive force in the West); materialism; or the doctrine that man's highest loyalty is to the state. Since it is from these elements that communism has evolved, Dr. Casserley sees the only hope for western society in a return, not of course to a theocracy, but to a real acceptance by western societies of Christianity as the foundation of their daily life. Salvation thus lies with the individual. Even though Dr. Casserley does not in terms say so, his civilised and humane outlook is quite inconsistent with acceptance of contemporary forms of totalitarianism masquerading as Christian society, which affront the dignity of the individual by the suppression of thought, and by enforced worship of a leader. Dr. Casserley's moderate optimism for our future is expressed in the fine lines of Gerard Manley Hopkins, from which his title is derived:

Because the Holy Ghost over the bent  
World broods with warm breast and with ah!  
bright wings.

Mr. Mayo is Professor of Political Science at the University of Alberta. Two thirds of his book are devoted to a clear, fair, and scholarly analysis of marxism. He then passes to the theory of democracy, and finally examines the relation of democracy and marxism. Like Dr. Casserley's, Mr. Mayo's book is no mere apologia for the western way of life but a critical discussion of the extent to which democracy can preserve those values still surviving in it which are best—a political scientist's version, in fact, of Mr. E. M. Forster's delightful *Two Cheers for Democracy*. His examination of how far a democracy can freely tolerate a communist party within it is particularly valuable. However, his view that the West should find a *modus vivendi* with Russia on the basis of accepting as a permanency the domination by the U.S.S.R. over the countries which it has succeeded in overrunning will seem to some not only immoral, but unrealistic. 'She has breakfasted in Poland, where will she dine?'—Burke's phrase still serves to recall us to the hard, if unpalatable, truth on the nature of dictators' appetites.

### Music Before the Classic Era

By Robert Stevenson. Macmillan. 18s.

In the preface to this book the author states that his purpose in writing it was 'merely propaedeutic', which seems to be a rather intimidating way of telling the general reader that it is a preliminary study. This, however, is the only obscure term that appears in the text: and it may at once be said that though Mr. Stevenson has not wholly avoided the pitfalls that lie in wait for the compiler of potted history, he has certainly succeeded in his aim of presenting his matter simply and clearly.

The seven chapters cover the ground from the music of antiquity to the culmination—in the music of Bach and Handel—of the Baroque epoch: and it is, naturally enough, in the earlier and more difficult part of the book that Mr. Stevenson is led into some misleading generalisations or actual errors. Thus, in the chapter on music in the medieval church, the author, endeavouring to define the nature of the rhythm of Gregorian chant, informs us that, as compared with the rhythm of modern music (which, he says, is that of poetry), it is that 'of the wind blowing through the trees or of a stream running over pebbles'. This, if true, would mean that it had no rhythm in the musical sense at all; nor will it do to equate the rhythm of modern music only with that of poetry.

Mr. Stevenson appears to subscribe to the theories of Solesmes as regards Gregorian rhythm just as, in his last chapter, he subscribes to Schweitzer's theory of 'an exhaustive vocabulary of musical symbols' in Bach's music, and he gives no hint that both schools of thought have been under heavy attack in recent years. It is true that the student will discover this if he goes on to read some of the books recommended in the lists given at the end of each chapter, but a warning in these pages would have been helpful. It is also very misleading to say that Gregorian chant is 'music incidental to the main business of the Church, which is worship', since this music has been defined, once and for all, as sung prayer and, since it covers every phase of the Church's activity, Mr. Stevenson should have called it ancillary, not incidental. In the next chapter, on sixteenth-century polyphony, the author makes a useful point in saying that 'music designed as a part of divine service tends to sound disappointing outside its proper setting', and so is apt to be ineffective on gramophone records and even in the concert



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hall. 'The right atmosphere', he continues, 'seems to be rather the dim religious light of *Il Penseroso*'.

It is extraordinary that he makes no allusion to the Reformation in England when discussing Byrd's music and the fact that Byrd composed only three Masses in comparison with the far greater number composed by Palestrina, Lassus, and Victoria. To write a Mass, in Byrd's day, was the equivalent of writing a symphony in the classic era, and the lack of any prospect of performance must seriously have discouraged the composer. The three chapters following, on secular vocal music before 1600, the rise of opera, and the growth of instrumental virtuosity, are particularly well done: though whatever qualities are called for in performances of Handel's operas, 'fabulous voice range' is not one of them, nor would most people agree that Domenico Scarlatti's sonatas can be transferred from harpsichord to piano with only a 'little' loss of their freshness and piquancy. This might be true in terms of melody, but not of harmony.

The value of the book would be greatly increased by the addition of the examples in

musical notation which the author says, in his preface, have been separated from the reading matter: but no indication of their publication is given on the 'jacket'.

#### Miscellany-at-Law. By R. E. Megarry. Stevens. 25s.

This book 'was written for lawyers', but the author hopes that others will find it 'comprehensible and entertaining'. There is good reason for such hope, for many outside the legal profession enjoy reading about the light and odd aspects of the law. A seventeenth-century Chief Justice once said that Acts of Parliament 'may do several things that look pretty odd' and a twentieth-century judge called the Rent Restriction Acts a 'welter of chaotic verbiage' and a 'chaos of verbal darkness'. The author is too polite to add that many decisions of their Lordships have added to this chaos. The law's delays are dealt with. We read how one judge said: 'This case bristles with simplicity. The facts are admitted. The law is plain; and yet it has taken seven days to try—one day longer than

God Almighty required to make the world'. Hire-purchase was once described by a modern County Court judge as transactions 'with people who are persuaded by persons whom they do not know to enter into contracts they do not understand to purchase goods that they do not want with money that they have not got'. There is a glimpse of the House of Lords as final court of appeal, where eminent Scots judges take their part. One English member spoke of Scots law as containing 'interesting relics of barbarism, tempered by a few importations from Rome'. Yet in some respects Scots law is less barbarous than English law, to wit its methods for preparing criminal cases for trial by jury without having the English investigation in Magistrates' Courts in which all the evidence of the prosecution is given in public, often without any indications that there may be a sound defence.

These are a few of the plums from this miscellany. To reach them the non-legal reader may have to persist through several chapters of interest only to lawyers. A few of these might well have been omitted, seeing that the book, apart from 49 pages of indices, contains 365 pages.

## New Novels

Gretta. By Erskine Caldwell. Heinemann. 13s. 6d.

Beasts and Men. By Pierre Gascar. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

Seven Thunders. By Rupert Croft-Cooke. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

The Altar Steps. By Compton Mackenzie. Macdonald. 12s. 6d.

**G**RETТА, by Erskine Caldwell, is one of those economical American *contes*, written with ingenuous simplicity, but dealing with a complicated psychological subject. If there is such a thing as an American 'school' of writing, it is here. In America, where psychiatry plays the role of the confessional, this sort of clinical novel about obsession lunatics is a speciality. (*Reflections in a Golden Eye*, *Of Mice and Men*, etc.—like this book, they are nearly all well done).

The heroine's obsession here is not particularly interesting in itself; it is Mr. Caldwell's treatment that is. She must sit down on the floor of her flat every night and unroll her stockings in front of a man who must say, goggling, 'Do you always sit on the floor like that when you take off your stockings? I've never seen anything quite like it. . . . This tribute to her vanity makes her perfectly happy for the next twenty-four hours. A loving husband, it will be argued, could surely satisfy such a nightly requirement? And in fact, Mr. Caldwell gives Gretta such a husband, desperately in love with her, who would clearly stand on his head in his shirt if it made her happy. The difficulty is, however, that a different man each night must pronounce the magic formula. This beautiful girl, longing for a quiet, domestic life with her loving husband (whom, incidentally, she loves too), must have this strange satisfaction—or she cannot live. It is easy to imagine to what excesses this drives the hundreds of knockabout men she picks up—not to mention the unfortunate husband. Although this sort of neurosis is by no means confined to America, Mr. Caldwell and his fellow-experts in the *genre* make one almost feel they are probing a national malady.

*Beasts and Men*, by Pierre Gascar, won the Prix Goncourt in 1954 for its original treatment of the relations between men and animals. It is an intensely gloomy book, from which it is clear that the author (who has had some harrowing war experiences in the East), has a very low opinion of our species. He has written these six short stories to show the sad absence of communication between men and animals. Thus, one of them depicts a butcher pole-axing in his

slaughter-house; and M. Gascar seems to suggest (or does he? he seldom makes himself clear), that this is all very inhuman. We must then, presumably, become vegetarians? Another story shows a number of Russian prisoners starving in captivity, while a circus operates next door, where they see the lions eating meat. Here M. Gascar seems to take the side of the human beings—or perhaps he is saying that human beings have become animals, and *vice versa*. It is all very laboured, written in that crabbed, involved style which is so often taken to be deeply intellectual.

Rupert Croft-Cooke in *Seven Thunders* has woven war-time fact and fiction into the background of the Marseilles *vieux port* which the Germans destroyed in 1943. He bases his story on the desire of a number of people of different nationalities to escape to Spain, and he has used the sensational career of the 'quick-lime' murderer, Petiot, to give it authenticity. This man used to persuade his victims not to tell anyone that he was helping them to escape from France, but to come to his house with their money at a certain hour, where, after the necessary preliminaries, he would dispose of them in a bath of quick-lime.

Perhaps because he had so many victims (71 in the novel), Mr. Croft-Cooke has felt he must introduce a fair number himself. The result is that there are too many people queuing up for the quick-lime beneath the cellar floor, and Mr. Croft-Cooke does not allow himself the space to develop any of them enough. They remain stock Englishmen talking stock Cockney; stock Spaniards being traditional about bull-fighting; stock *marseillaises*; there is even a stock Nazi. This is a pity, because the book is well written.

The British Catholic-convert novelists have been flourishing since the war—which no doubt persuaded Sir Compton Mackenzie and his publishers that it would be a good moment to reprint one of his early books, *The Altar Steps*, about Anglo-Catholicism in the last century. But it is too technical today. As Mr. Betjeman, the writer of the preface, rightly says, 'The sort of things that bothered the priests and people in *The Altar Steps* are not in the forefront now.

The Protestant underworld is a less serious threat to Catholicism now than Communism is. . . . A riot of technical terms and arguments spoils the novel for the modern reader; cassocks, cottas, fiddle-backed chasubles, the niceties of 'high', 'moderate' and 'low' churchmanship, 'Ember' Friday, and the priests all indulging in doctrinal soliloquies lasting over a page. We are never quite sure whether we are in St. Peter's, Rome, or St. Peter's, Eaton Square, so indefinite is the boundary between the Roman and Anglican brands of Catholicism. Thus, Sir Compton's hero (the book deals with the spiritual progress of a young man) is the son of an Anglican priest, the grandson of an Anglican priest, the nephew of an Anglican priest; but he 'practises the technique of serving at Low Mass in his bed-room with the help of a wash-bowl and its accessories', presumably in order to become a ceremoniarus. What is this but Catholicism? And a little later he says he would like to burn all Protestants. He is a bit of a prig. The book is strangely dated—far more than a genuine Victorian novel—because it deals less with people than with theology. Sir Compton has stirred up the embers of old controversy.

**BRIEF NOTES.** *Some Prefer Nettles* (Secker and Warburg 12s. 6d.) is by Junichiro Tanizaki who, the publishers state, is the foremost Japanese novelist still writing. It is about a philosophical Japanese bourgeois who, having admired Western things all his life, leaves his Eurasian wife and returns to traditional Japanese habits. The author claims to be an impressionist. 'It is the duty of a writer to know the genius of his language and to accommodate himself to it. If Japanese is vague, its vagueness must be made a virtue of'; and 'do not try to be too clear; leave some gaps in the meaning; the modern writer is too kind to his reader'. This he certainly does, in pale pastel tones which convey something of Old Japan to a western reader. *French Leave* (Herbert Jenkins, 10s. 6d.) is vintage Wodehouse, with Bertie Wooster gallicised into a gay Marquis, 'a man of expensive tastes and no money', shifted to a smart French riviera resort. As many laughs as ever.

ANTHONY RHODES



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### The Topical Touch

WE SEE on our screens so many faces with what seems to be self-indulgence written all over them that Sir John Harding's, in 'Panorama' the other evening, produced a recoil of respect for the disciplined life. He was being interviewed by Woodrow Wyatt, whose straight questions about Cyprus received straight answers, among them a decisive 'No' to the Athens Radio-

quoted the previous day from a Swedish newspaper. According to him, one of the chief sustaining influences is 'the perpetual adolescence not of the uneducated but the educated Englishman'.

That daring proposition would have supplied the missing ingredient of astringency to Jeanne Heal's quarter of an hour of argument about the public schools. She was glowingly sentimental: 'My public school gave me my love of poetry,' etc., and it was E. Arnot Robertson who spurred our interest by her forthright declaration of resolve to take her boy away

have been mentioned in the preamble, if only as a compliment to our alertness to the changing scene. The programme was a most competent piece of television reporting. As for the changing scene, 'Commonwealth Magazine', that instructive and often picturesque compilation of films from our sister nations, showed us Australia's great new seventy-four-inch telescope, the world's fourth largest. Two days later *The Times* reported the new Lumicon technique for amplifying light, which may make it unnecessary to build any more giant telescopes. 'Commonwealth Magazine' is marred by background music at its worst. Last week's edition was made almost unbearable by it.

'For Valour', last Sunday night, commemorated the hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Victoria Cross, and the Queen whose name it bears might have been distressed to hear one of the holders of it tell a listening world that it is 'a most embarrassing medal'. Filmed interviews, with war-time citations superimposed by the voice of John Snagge, were the substance of a first-rate, often exciting, and sometimes moving programme, in which we also saw thrilling excerpts from films taken in action on land and sea in both great wars. René Cutforth, well versed, I believe, in sound broadcasting methods, was in trouble at the start of the programme and gave us some qualms. They were quickly removed by the stories of cold incredible courage which he was there to unfold.

Following the Prime Minister the previous week, Mr. Hugh Gaitskell gave a party political broadcast. A consistently good picture enabled us to judge whether the cares of not being in office weigh heavily on him.

REGINALD POUND

### DRAMA

#### Goings On!

THE CHAMBERING of the newly espoused or—as an even more screamingly funny variation—of the not yet legally united is, and has long been, a staple of domestic comedy. All that Mrs. Evans, the bullying, implacable landlady in 'Love in a Mist', designated as 'monkey business' and 'goings on', for which crime Mr. Evans it seemed had a sharp nose, Mr. Evans had, made up the burden of our Sunday night. Kenneth Horne's 'farce' was written, it seems, under the Battle of Britain, and one can readily see in the circumstances many of the jokes and



As seen by the viewer: the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on board the *Atalanta* at London Airport on January-27 before flying to Lagos for the Royal Tour of Nigeria. Right: Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, the Duke of Cornwall, and Princess Anne leaving the aircraft

canard that Sir John had clashed with the Prime Minister on policy. This was a good demonstration of the growing flair of B.B.C. television for the authoritatively topical. Even though nothing of high importance came out of it, we were made to feel that it was a significant studio happening. Woodrow Wyatt showed himself capable of relaxing into an informal mood, and that made for viewing comfort too; his touch was just right. If Aidan Crawley returns to B.B.C. television from his brief dalliance with I.T.A., as many hope that he will, that service would be buttressed to meet any challenge in the current affairs field. There is also Christopher Mayhew; he has been too long absent from our screens.

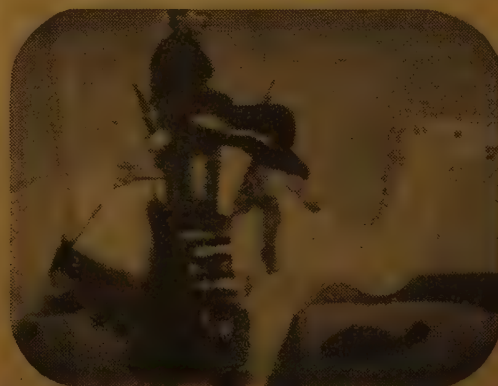
Current events last week may have had more imperative points of compulsion than the departure of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh for Nigeria. It was at the top of the list of outside television broadcasts and provided a transmission which kept the eye firmly attentive throughout, in spite of a persisting greyness of picture. London Airport programmes seem to be fated to that kind of frustration. Young Prince Charles, seen more than once to brush a gloved hand across his eyes, was popularly thought to be tearful. Television may or may not have done him an injustice. There is no doubt about its having stirred a million or so maternal hearts. The airport procedures are by now well known to many of us viewers; we had seen the formalities, there, of the start of other royal tours. Raymond Baxter's skilful verbal improvising, as commentator, did much to confirm this as an occasion. As the aircraft *Atalanta* sheered off in the fading afternoon light, there came an interval (before 'Watch with Mother') in which one could reflect on Dr. Brian Chapman's views about the British monarchy,

from his public school. Her well-found opinions, plus a clear speaking style, suggest that she should be put on the rota of television controversialists. A provoking technical point was that the studio lighting was less favourable to her than to Jeanne Heal. Maybe, her mandarin jacket embroidered our picture with too much diffuse detail. Brought in from the outer margins of the programme during its last three or four minutes, Henry Morris, the Cambridge-shire education expert, showed that he too is a master of the art of public conversation. We should like to hear him again.

The fact that National Service may be removed from the Statute Book did not severely prejudice the 'Special Enquiry' study of the highly organised routines involved in receiving a young man into the armed forces and sending him out into the world again with two years' disciplined experience behind him. It might



Miss Pat Smythe 'At Home' on January 25—left, with her horse, Prince Hal; right, as photographed on an unusual mount during a visit to the Sahara



Photographs: John Cura





'Love in a Mist', televised from the performance given before a specially invited audience at the Whitehall Theatre, London, on January 29. The photograph shows (left to right) John Slater as Mr. Evans, Brian Rix as Nigel, and Elspet Gray as Pat



'The Alien Sky' on January 26, with (left to right) Valerie White as Cynthia Mapleton, Gordon Bell as Major Milner, Maureen Connell as Judith Anderson, Helen Haye as Harriet Haig, Brian Oulton as the Maharajah of Kalipur, and Stephen Murray as Tom Gower

situations must have gained by the juxtaposition, acquiring a sort of sanctity at such a time, much as jokes about kippers and halitosis refreshed the raid-weary and the fatherless. Dramatic literature affords many exemplars of the kind of play we were treated to; I recall vividly one masterpiece of the kind which I saw in a fair-ground in the French provinces and which was called *Les Surprises d'une Nuit de Noce* and was preceded by a one-act vaudeville called simply *On purge bébé*. We had no such curtain raiser at the Whitehall Theatre, but the uniquely ugly curtain rose and fell several times, a band jug-jugged quietly in the minute or so of interval, and we even saw the *matinée* hats of the front rows of the specially invited (and easily delighted) audience. All this to remind us that it was actually being played in a *real* theatre.

As if the information were needed. What was so trying about this occasion was the fact that a farce (if farce it was, which I deny) had to be projected at such a pressure that even a couple standing with their foreheads casting shadows on each others' noses, still yelled at each other as if fifty yards, as well as Mr. Evans' sexual scruples, divided them. All this I hasten to add was done with some spirit by Joan Sanderson, all sniff and shrug as the landlady, John Slater, got up to kill in football jerseys, as Mr. Evans, and Brian Rix and Elspet Gray as one sort of honeymoon pair, and Basil Lord and Diana Calderwood as another. Whether it was worth doing, who am I to say? Let us leave the question to that sensible woman in 'Children's Television', Miss Osborne the Space Schoolmistress (a new dimension in school-marms with a vengeance!). The only point I would argue is that I believe 'Love in a Mist' to be a comedy, not a farce, whatever its author may label it. The distinction is not one of moral tone, as is sometimes thought, but of conventions. A farce is a study of ultra-ordinary people in unbelievably desperate situations, where actions have no consequences (i.e., you may brain a man with a bottle and he comes up smiling for a second clout). Comedy, on the other hand, is extraordinary people in ultra-human circumstances over which, we are to feel, they have some control. Thus, plays about who shares the double bed and who offers to spend his or her honeymoon on Mrs. Evans' parlour settee are

comedies (whether you find them funny or not).

I must not give the impression that the week has been a dull one, though after 'The Corn is Green' we were all ready to let the drama department down lightly. In fact, though, they brought us back that most ingenious lady, Emery Bonett, with a neat yarn, 'The Puppet Master', on Tuesday, and an adaptation by Paul Scott of his novel of the twilight of the British raj, 'The Alien Sky', which may perhaps have reminded some viewers that whereas novels condense beautifully into radio (or film), into television plays which satisfy, they have a hard fit. There was also a formidable dose of 'Little Women', now heavily disguised as the British musical 'A Girl Called Jo'. I preferred Miss Lejeune's 'Vicky' to this, but, then, as the Tamrattings make painfully clear to me, I am in a minority.

If these mystical statistics are right, and while sixty-four per cent. of us watch B.B.C. television, and the other sixty-nine per cent. watch you-know-what, then how—asked Alice—do they know who *enjoyed* what most? For instance, on Friday, I and a few others, but not it seems the vast bulk of the population, watched Burns and Allen do a classic muddle of theatre tickets, very funnily, and later on a new number in the clever jury series 'Judge for Yourself'. Meanwhile, as they used to say in the old silent era, immense numbers of other people were watching 'Jack Hylton Presents'. My point is—but I don't want to sound conceited—may it not be that my enjoyment of 'Judge for Yourself' was of an intensity quite outbalancing the joy being experienced by more numerous viewers on the other channel? How you measure delight I cannot tell. But I shall assure Mr. Ernest Dudley that if, relatively, he is proved by statistics to be less popular than Mr. Hylton, he is not so in my house. Besides this one, 'Theft', all about the day the headmistress was copped for shoplifting (or was it spite on expelled Ursula's part?) was a real thriller and made all the more appetising for me by the thought that I was possibly poaching in Mr. Pound's documentary waters.

I trust the standard in the Sunday concerts is not being lowered. It is probably just a chance, but I seem to notice a tea-shoppy element creeping in. I feel sure that the wonderful violinist Ricci should have played a programme with fewer bits and pieces in it. How-

ever, next week we have an opera, so we had better not howl too loudly, yet.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

#### Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

#### Give Me Yesterday

BARBARA BRAY CHOSE 'The Milk of Paradise' as the title for her version of Alain-Fournier's 'Le Grand Meaulnes' (Third). Apt indeed, and yet I found myself thinking, again and again, of other and less summoning lines by Coleridge, 'Oft in my waking dreams do I Live o'er again that happy hour'. This play is, in effect, the tale of a happy hour and of a youth's search for the glory he remembered. Whatever passes in the foreground, there at the back, behind a gauze, is the land of lost delight. It has become a mirage that fades as the youth draws near; but no failure sponges from his mind the picture, so firmly printed, of the solitary, tall grey tower rising out of the pine-woods, or the sense of gaiety and excitement in the old decayed place, the sound of young voices singing, the face of the girl who was fair and slender, the clearing where the fountain played, his cry, 'How beautiful you are!', and the girl's speaking of her name. Nothing was more moving in Sunday's performance than the memory of the hidden domain, the lost world where the boy on honey-dew had fed and drunk the milk of paradise.

Later, the play seemed to me to dwindle. The pursuit of the ideal was less enthralling than the 'happy hour' itself, the truant schoolboy's memory as it rose before him, with irresistible force, on that snowy, windy night in December. 'Perhaps it is impossible to bring back the past?' says someone later, and that is the feeling with which we are left. The story of the quest had to be expanded, rounded off; but at its end I could think only of the key passage in the lost domain among the pine-woods. It stayed with me like Peter Ibbetson's recollection of his youth, Robert Eddison's narrating voice, that silver sigh, held us at once in the mood and kept us there; and Nigel Stock as Meaulnes, who, when he returned from his truancy 'bore about him an atmosphere of pride and wonder', and Anna Massey in her enunciation of the name, 'Yvonne de Galais', helped a production,



by Donald McWhinnie, that Alain-Fournier himself would surely have respected.

If one had to choose another title for 'The Siege of Mocking Hill' (Home), Coleridge's 'A Mazy Motion' would suggest itself immediately. It is a comedy without roots, one of those elaborate pieces that, after making a lot of fuss about nothing in particular, disappear in a puff of dust. The dilapidated mansion of Mocking Hill (1643) is to be pulled down because it is in the middle of a development area; its owner, a *grande dame* sketched thinly in grease-paint, sets out indignantly to save it. Because she is acted by Marie Löhr, this Lady Bond (a resolute anachronism) has a certain transient life, but she does not develop, and the play—a fight between local government and what some have called the 'Establishment'—shreds off into a tattered wisp of comedy. From Archie Campbell's production I think of the voice of Rachel Gurney, and one scene for Charles Lloyd Pack with the arrogant, unappeasable tones of the local authority. And there was a mad relish in the cry—was it by Martin Lewis?—"Do you know what we've just discovered? Every one of the roof-beams has death-watch beetle".

That splendid artist, Barbara Couper, allowed us to hear her as both a comedienne and an emotional actress in her double bill—produced by Howard Rose—for 'Stars in Their Choices' (Light). The first play, was Chekhov's galloping farce, 'The Proposal', in which what should be an idyllic scene between Ivan Vassilyevitch Lomov and Natalya Stepanovna turns to argumentative hysterics over the ownership of the 'oxen meadows', the rights of somebody's aunt's grandmother, and the merits of a pair of dogs. After the racing and chasing we passed to 'The Sulky Fire' from Jean-Jacques Bernard's *Théâtre de Silence*. It is one of the least of his plays, the tale of a prisoner-of-war, back after four years, who suspects his wife of unfaithfulness with an American on no firmer grounds than Leontes had for suspecting Hermione and Polixenes. The dramatist pounds away at his story of an unreasoning jealousy, something that is probably richer to act than to hear. Nobody could have acted better than Miss Couper (there was extreme pathos in her last 'I know what it's like!'), Denis Goacher as the husband, and Carleton Hobbs who saved from monotony the old father's speech, 'We never make enough of our young days'.

The record of the casting adrift of Henry Hudson is one of the direst tragedies of the sea. H. A. L. Craig made a lot of it in the eerie feature called 'The Open Grave of the Sea' (Home), with its cries of 'A curse on Henry Hudson!', 'Curse the Cathay in his head!', and the racked voice of the explorer as presented by Norman Shelley. It was a terrifying business, produced by Francis Dillon. Since it appeared to be a Coleridge week, words rose unsought: 'The Nightmare Life-in-Death... who thickens man's blood with cold'.

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### A Box of Pills

'IS THERE a Doctor in the House?' is the title of a new Light Programme series in which Percy Cudlipp puts medical and biological questions received from listeners to a panel of three doctors (which will always include a general practitioner and a consulting physician) and a guest member who is an eminent specialist. The specialist in the second instalment (and in the first, too, which I didn't hear) was P. B. Medawar, F.R.S., Jodrell Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, University College, London: the doctors, being doctors, were per-

force anonymous, so Mr. Cudlipp addressed them by Christian names which were or perhaps were not their own. This is a programme which, I imagine, will have a vast popular appeal and I should not be surprised to hear that Mr. Cudlipp is already up to the neck in thousands of questions, some of them of the most fantastic sort, from ignorant and fanciful persons like me. On the rare occasions when I have to call in a doctor I always find, after he has gone, that I have forgotten to ask him the one vital question which would have set my mind, and consequently my inside, at rest; and quite apart from these I, who am no valetudinarian, could think up enough questions to keep the panels empanelled and embarrassed till well into next summer.

But, seriously, there are innumerable questions—simple queries about diet and remedies, about the nature of various diseases and their treatment and all those venerable superstitions concerning the causes and cures of multifarious complaints—authoritative answers to which would be of the greatest help to us men in the street. And there is another reason why the programme should appeal to a wide public, namely, its entertainment value. The majority of us have an incurable interest in illnesses and are ready at the least provocation to boast of our own or those of our relatives. Wasn't it Disraeli who said that when he met an acquaintance whose face and name he couldn't recall he knew it was safe to enquire benevolently: 'Well, and how's the old complaint?'

I found last week's instalment full of useful information on such matters as diphtheria immunisation, varieties of dermatitis, the salutary properties of the black-ripe banana, and the reason why the dispensing chemist thinks it necessary to label a boxful of pills 'The Pills' as if we might otherwise assume they were ammunition for our catapults or ball-bearings for our bicycles.

A much tougher and still more fascinating broadcast on a scientific theme was 'Scientific Puzzles and Metaphysical Assertions', a talk by G. Buchdahl so packed with stuff that I couldn't take it all in at one hearing and would willingly hear it again.

In the talks called 'Religion and Philosophy' which are broadcast 'For the Schools' on Tuesday mornings a new series began the week before last under the title 'New Testament Ethics in the Modern World'. The two opening talks were on 'Christian Realism'. In the first, Robert C. Walton made a short survey of some of those writings which imagine an ideal state or government—Plato's *Republic*, Plutarch's picture of the state of Sparta as planned by Lycurgus, More's *Utopia*, Bacon's *New Atlantis*, Morris' *News from Nowhere*, Wells' *A Modern Utopia* and *Men Like Gods*, all of which put the cart before the horse by setting out to reform mankind by improving the structure of society, whereas the Christian ethic, as shown in the parables of the tares and the wheat and the net cast into the sea, teaches that the reform must begin in the human heart. Last week in the second talk Douglas Stewart discussed the problem of good and evil, drawing his instances from writers as various as St. Paul, Kant, Dostoevsky, Karl Marx, and Mr. Nigel Balchin. Both talks were clear, lively, and stimulating, admirably suited to intelligent young people and many of maturer age. How different from many of the sermons and all of the 'scripture lessons' of my school days.

'Poems by Edward Thomas', selected and introduced by Patric Dickinson, roused me to a realisation not only that for an unaccountable reason I had not looked at Thomas' poems for many years but also that I had not fully grasped how satisfying they are in the skill of their

seemingly off-hand rhythms, their acute observation of nature and country scenes, and their homespun smell which, surprisingly, breathes out the very breath of poetry. This is verse whose full quality comes out only when read aloud, but it requires very good reading and it got it last week from Derek Hart and David Lloyd-James.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## MUSIC

### Celebrating Mozart

NOW AND AGAIN in the history of art there arise certain rare spirits so richly endowed by nature that they arrive by some immediate and instinctive process, and without any apparent intellectual effort, at the fundamental principles of their art. Of such was Wolfgang Mozart. In childhood he took to music as to his natural element. At twenty he already showed a complete grasp of the potentialities of symphonic form, including the special requirements of the solo concerto. Confronted at twenty-four with the antiquated libretto for 'Idomeneo', he acted with determination and sound judgement to reduce Varesco's sententious verbosity to manageable proportions. He could not transform a bad libretto into a good one, but he did make of it an opera which is still viable in the theatre.

I would not suggest that Mozart did not have to work hard. He went through a gruelling education at the hands of his father, whose methods might not commend themselves to modern 'educationists', but, nevertheless, produced remarkable results.

Mozart's own ideal sense of balance was hardly realised in the programmes broadcast last week, which contained nothing later than the Mass in C minor, save the Symphony in G minor and the 'kleine Nachtmusik', and not a single example of the chamber-music or the pianoforte concertos. This last omission was due to the accident of Clara Haskil's illness, but could the impresario responsible (not, in this instance, the B.B.C.) find no pianist willing, and indeed honoured, to deputise for her on such an occasion? As it was, we had yet another performance of the hackneyed Violin Concerto in A major, which had been better played by Menuhin a week or so earlier. This was, incidentally, bad programme-building, as the concerto followed the early symphony in the same key, out of which Klemperer knocked the stuffing in an insensitive, hectoring performance, without grace or charm. This beautiful work has its dramatic outbursts, but they are the classic rages of Gluck's Eumenides, not the romantic, world-shaking gestures of Beethoven. The lovely 'Little Serenade' was likewise cavalierly treated, and only in the slow movement of the G minor Symphony were we allowed to catch a glimpse of the true Mozartian sensibility.

The B.B.C.'s own contribution to the celebration was the performance by their Choral Society and Orchestra of the Mass in C minor, that torso of a masterpiece, whose curious mixture of styles probably explains better than any other supposition Mozart's failure to complete it. He was growing apace under the influence of J. S. Bach and Handel, whom he had newly discovered, and may well have felt that parts of the Mass had got on to the wrong lines. Sir Malcolm Sargent used Alois Schmitt's edition, which fills the gaps in the *Credo* from early works (thereby inevitably adding to the confusion of styles), but restored the original, more elaborate, text of the *Incarnatus*. This, one of the chief bones of contention, was so beautifully sung by Ilse Hollweg that its validity as a sincere and moving presentation of the central mystery of the Christian Faith was made evident. Maria Stader, too, sang *Laudamus te* admirably, and the two sopranos were well-



matched in their duet, one of the more rococo movements in the Mass. The large choral forces emphasised the Handelian grandeur and solidity of the fugal *Cum sancto spiritu*, but oddly enough Sargent failed to give enough weight to the accompaniment of *Qui tollis* with its dotted rhythm, which seems to stagger under the burden of the world's sins. Still, this was a noble performance worthy of the occasion.

From Salzburg on the actual birthday came,

with the usual paraphernalia of 'Rot Weiss Rot' and the customary last-minute change in timing, a festival performance of 'Idomeneo' directed by Karl Böhm, who gave such a startlingly good performance of the overture that great expectation was aroused for what was to come. Expectation was not disappointed by the two tenors, whose voices were well contrasted. Kmentt, bright if a little hard in vocal quality, sounded youthful and ardent as Idamante, while

Schock's Idomeneo, if not ideally beautiful, was intensely alive and tragic. The two sopranos were less satisfactory. Gerda Scheyrer (Ilia) sang carefully, but without giving any kind of dramatic meaning to what she sang, while Christl Goltz was more vehement than steady. However, this Elettra must have been effective in the theatre, for her last aria aroused an otherwise apathetic audience to a great burst of applause.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Musica Britannica: Past and Future

By ANTHONY LEWIS

A concert celebrating the publication of Vol. X of 'Musica Britannica' will be broadcast in the Home Service at 9.45 p.m. on Friday, February 10

THE Festival of Britain, 1951, comprised some elements that were officially limited to the Festival period but which by accident or design continued to endure when that was past. Such projects were generally of two types, those that had been devised specially for the Festival and gained such success that it was decided to give them some more permanent form, and those which had been conceived quite independently, but found in the Festival the appropriate opportunity for their launching.

Of this latter type was 'Musica Britannica', the national collection of music which now, five years after the Festival, celebrates the publication of its tenth volume. 'Musica Britannica' looks forward to steady growth in the future with reasonable confidence, but when, shortly after the war, I drafted a scheme for an English 'Denkmäler' series (as it was then called for want of a better term), although it received considerable artistic support, from the financial point of view there were no clear prospects of it ever coming into being. However, in 1948 I submitted the scheme to the Council of the Royal Musical Association, who readily agreed to give it their musical sponsorship if means could be found to start publication. At the suggestion of the President, Mr. Frank Howes, the Arts Council were approached and that body generously agreed to make a loan to the Association, from funds put at its disposal by the Festival of Britain authorities, to enable a first set of volumes to be published in the Festival year, 1951, as examples of English musical scholarship. Thus, though the Festival was not concerned with the long-term aspects of the scheme, it was responsible for giving it its initial impetus.

To direct 'Musica Britannica', as the scheme was soon christened, the Royal Musical Association appointed an editorial committee consisting of Professor Dent, Dr. Fellowes, Mr. Frank Howes, Professor Westrup, and, later, Professor Abraham, with myself as general editor and, as secretary, Mr. Thurston Dart, to whose expert and devoted work the series owes an incalculable debt. This committee was soon faced by the need for some important decisions of policy. There was, first of all, the question of the scope of the edition. Though there was a vast amount of material to draw on, there were editions in existence which had already dealt with certain sections of it. It was clear that overlapping should be avoided where possible in these cases; on the other hand, where a series was incomplete, like 'Tudor Church Music', it should be the responsibility of 'Musica Britannica' to see that work on that field was resumed. Since, with the exception of the Purcell Society, existing publications tended to concentrate on English music of the sixteenth and earlier centuries, it was decided that the

important output of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries should receive at least as balanced a representation as that of earlier periods.

No very hard and fast date was set for the modern limit of the edition, though it would obviously cover only non-copyright sources, and at this stage it seemed probable that John Field and Samuel Wesley would be the most recent composers to be considered in making plans. Nevertheless it was recognised that as time went on it might be desirable to advance beyond their epoch to include works of enduring value by more recent composers not currently available elsewhere. If, as can scarcely be imagined, all the full scores of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas are not published commercially in due course, who knows but that some 'Musica Britannica' volume of the future may not carry 'Iolanthe' or 'Patience' within its covers!

A more difficult problem was set by the very profusion of material demanding attention. Should the edition aim at completeness without discrimination, or should some principle of selection be applied? Some idea of what would have been involved in adopting the former course may be gathered from the experience of the editors in preparing Volume IX of 'Musica Britannica', *Jacobean Consort Music*. This volume, covering only one field over a period of about twenty-five years, reaches the limit in size for the series, and yet only contains one tenth of the material available to the editors. If 'Musica Britannica' is to fulfil its urgent function of giving those at home and abroad a balanced picture of English music in its many unknown aspects, a certain measure of selection appears unavoidable. Furthermore, 'Musica Britannica' does not aim to include music of purely antiquarian interest, but to provide evidence of a living art, and to pretend that the entire output of any age contains the vital spark is an illusion. When completeness aids the picture, instead of threatening to obscure it, then every effort has been made to secure a truly comprehensive result, as in volumes such as that devoted to the works of John Dunstable.

It was always the intention that 'Musica Britannica' should serve the performer as well as the scholar, and its editorial methods have been regulated accordingly. Without going into details, this means in effect that modern symbols and notation have been used in transcription, but that all such modifications have been systematically recorded, and any other editorial changes made clearly distinguishable, so that with the help of the commentary those who wish to do so can reconstruct the appearance of the original. A description of the sources used with specimen facsimiles and lists of variant readings are provided for the scholar, while general guidance on points of interpretation and style and an independent continuo realisation, where required,

have been included as aids to performance.

It has never been held to be enough that the music should appear on paper; the edition could not reach its true culmination until it was recreated in sound. To this end regular issues of extracts in performing versions have been made, also chorus and orchestral parts for the longer works like 'Cupid and Death' and 'Comus'. We have been fortunate in having the close co-operation of the B.B.C. in this process of enabling the music in the manuscript to reach the hearer. Broadcasts have been arranged of part or all of each volume as published, so that listeners have been kept most effectively in touch with the development of 'Musica Britannica' since its inception, and the concert on February 10 will not only mark a stage in the progress of the edition but will celebrate a constant and much valued link between its printed pages and their broadcast sound.

Looking back at the first ten volumes of 'Musica Britannica', the pattern of the original policy would seem to have been substantially carried out. If the contents of these volumes are analysed it will be found, I think, that a due balance has been maintained between music of various periods, styles, and categories, and it is intended to maintain this balance in the future. Plans for later volumes include not only the steady fulfilment of a number of systematic surveys but also excursions into such diverse fields as ballad opera, music in Scotland, the overtures of William Boyce and the piano concertos of John Field. Volumes have been published so far at an average rate of two a year, thanks to the diligence of editors and the world-wide support of the scheme (the initial loan covered only the first three volumes), and every effort will be made to maintain this momentum, since there is still so much of the great musical heritage of our country waiting to be made generally accessible. Indeed we are only at the beginning of our task, and have no cause for any kind of complacency.

Nevertheless, progress in these difficult times has perhaps been more rapid than some of us dared hope. I find that I wrote to Professor Westrup in 1947: 'I think there is sufficient material immediately available to fill at least a first series of fifteen volumes, and if we ever reach the happy situation of completing the fifteenth volume we can then think out what source we should like to tap next. I have an uncomfortable sort of feeling, though, that that may be a problem for another generation!' Well, we haven't completed our fifteenth volume yet, but it is within sight and we have already planned far beyond it. 'Musica Britannica' has completed its first stage on schedule; now there is vastly more to be done, and I hope we shall be constantly learning how better to do it, for only in that way shall we make the edition worthy of the music it serves.



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For the Housewife

## The Professional Touch

By PHYLLIS CRADOCK

THE professional touch is the shortened, simplified way round an otherwise difficult job, the way which comes through experience. Take pancakes, for instance. Everyone searches for the never-stick-to-the-pan way of making them without any bubbles on the surface or any uneven browning.

Let us get some of the fallacies out of the way first. It does not make the slightest difference whether you use plain or self-raising flour. It does not matter if you sift the flour before you beat it with the eggs and milk. It does not matter if you forget the pinch of salt. All that does matter is that you add one tablespoon of olive oil to every four heaped tablespoons of flour, one egg, one extra egg yolk, and enough milk to make a thin, runny mixture; and that you pass the finished batter through a sieve after it has stood for half an hour and before you start making leaf-thin pancakes.

When it comes to icing cakes, we have two professional tricks which make life very much easier. First, here is one for cakes spread with butter-icing, the kind which have chocolate vermicelli or browned, split almonds stuck all round the sides. Do not balance the cake on one hand and try dabbing the vermicelli or nuts on to the

butter-icing sides with the other. Hold the cake top and bottom, like a hoop, in the flat hand palms, and slowly revolve the sides in a plate spread with the chosen garnish. This picks up the garnish evenly and swiftly, and the sides are done in approximately twenty-five seconds. But please remember not to put the top icing on first, or you will get your hands in a sticky mess.

When applying *glacé* icing, make sure before you start that the consistency is right for holding and setting on the cake surface and not so runny that it will drip dismally down the sides and on to the plate. Beat the sifted icing sugar with strongly reduced black coffee, strained fruit juice, or whatever liquid you choose, adding it gradually and working it in thoroughly with a wooden spoon. Then, every so often, dip the spoon down into the mixture, lift it up and tap it gently on the sides of the bowl. When it coats and holds smoothly on the spoon-back it will undoubtedly do the same thing on your cake.

Now, about fruit flans. Experts turn their noses up at dissolved, packaged jellies to 'lock in' the neatly arranged circles of tinned, bottled, or fresh fruits. They use warmed apricot jam and water brushed over the arranged fruits with a large, flat paint-brush, which looks like a

miniature distemper brush. Or they use warmed, dissolved, red-currant jelly. Both give a glossy finish and both are done in a trice.

—'Woman's Hour'

## Notes on Contributors

ANDREW SHONFIELD (page 163): foreign editor of the *Financial Times*

SIR JOHN MACPHERSON, G.C.M.G. (page 165): formerly Governor-General, Federation of Nigeria, and Governor of Nigeria 1948-54

GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH (page 171): Professor of Mediaeval History, Liverpool University; author of *History in a Changing World*, *The Earldom and County Palatine of Chester*, etc.

LORD RADCLIFFE, G.B.E. (page 173): Lord of Appeal in Ordinary since 1949; Chairman, Royal Commission on Taxation of Profits and Income, 1952; Director-General, Ministry of Information 1941-45

WILLIAM PLOMER (page 180): author of *A Shot in the Park*, *Selected Poems*, etc.

ANTHONY LEWIS (page 193): Peyton-Barber Professor of Music, University of Birmingham; editor 'English Songs Series'; author of *Libera me* (Arne), *Coronation Anthems* (Blow), etc.

## Crossword No. 1,344.

## Change a Letter.

## By Pipeg

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, February 9. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

In each clue there is a misprint of one letter. Before the light is inserted in the diagram, the same misprint must be made in the light. E.g., 'Extra strong parter (5)'; 'Parter' should read 'Porter', so that A is here the misprint for O. The light is STOUT and this would have to be inserted as STAUT.

When the misprinted letter has been corrected, punctuation in some of the clues may need altering; it may have to be omitted or inserted. The unchecked letters occur in: ALONE I THRASH PARSEES.

## CLUES—ACROSS

1. Like French winter, intense cold may make you go (7)
7. With men like these, destiny slays (6)
13. Place for keeping a stone of grain (4)
15. Evil spirits may cause him to sweat (9)
16. Bother! Venus' deer is not removed (3)
17. Resin tree, into which a jade ran carelessly (8)
18. You need nothing else but the answer here (5)
20. Twisted lace for the beadle arrived (4)
23. — the team; and the smile in thine eyes' (Moore) (4)

25. Cork beard—in the second of Bottom's colours (3)
27. Web in Shakespeare's day (5)
29. Fun for Spenser (5)
32. Mark's cry sounds like a denial (5)
33. The noise of a sudden blow (4)
34. Set this fashion in a bizarre dome (4)
36. Thin dagger is provided by seeker after trouble (6)
38. This river flows into the North Sea (3)
39. Therefore the giant turns, sound (4)
41. His boot was mentioned in Chaucer's tales (4)
43. Refuse; sounds like obligation in the pass (3)
45. Used to covet the head in warfare (5)
46. Shapely castle (4)
49. Character of sound; omitted from a false note (4)
50. Through caves of ice this nocturnal river ran (4)
52. Vox (4)
53. Crime is not put back (3)
54. Herr, you need to tell a tale (6)
55. This ship carries mails (5)
57. Kind of labour the judges gave for punishment (4)
58. Gallic inner apartment (3)
59. A long one has no band (4)
60. Egg of lace (3)
61. Wag (5)
62. Glue (4)
63. Tears (5)
64. To be in pawn (3)

## DOWN

1. Hair used to make this Syrian garment (3)
2. An abject to worship (3)
3. Humour ex-dean about the ascent of King, LL.D. (7)
4. 'How oft from Phoebeus they do flee to Pan' (Y.—) (4)
5. Demand a lob in reflex action (5)
6. This, between nations, may lead to a jar (3)
7. One can set this on an agreement (4)
8. First rink flyer (3)
9. Eric is more than hale; refined (4)
10. One who exercises mule (4)
11. Heed of corn (3)
12. These animals may be found in muddy rines (5)

14. You wrote with this (3)
18. Armoured vehicle, might be a 'Comer' (4)
19. You see tracks of this jug in the brewery (4)
21. A corn on the top causes this (4)
22. Fibs are these; for pens (4)
24. Thirsty man's lodging achieved here (3)
26. Stroke (4)
28. Bravo! Virile fellow! (2-3)
30. Type, not pearl, not diamond (7)
31. This type is usually, without the ally, past (4)
33. Retain the top of the ticket, by arrangement, every other day (7)
35. You can set this travel book in a library (6)
37. This; in a muddy mess (4)
40. Mildew (7)
41. Enemy gets more when you do this to him (5)
42. Indigo mode, from this plant (4)
44. Cars, seen in India, not on Gascony roads (5)
45. Seek a change in the arts or you get tense (6)
47. Oration on the burial around (5)
48. Ago (4)
51. These lips sang woman's praises (5)
54. Spend (4)
56. Fanny, this is (3)
59. Daw, or bird of ill nature (2)

## Solution of No. 1,342

M	A	I	D	S	T	O	N	E	S	A	R	K
A	R	N	O	L	D	A	I	N	T	R	E	E
D	O	N	C	A	S	T	E	R	A	L	A	B
E	S	E	T	T	L	E	C	A	P	E	L	L
H	E	L	S	T	O	N	E	W	E	Y	L	E
N	O	T	A	E	S	C	H	E	S	T	E	R
E	R	I	E	R	H	P	O	R	T	S	E	A
R	E	T	S	N	I	E	L	T	H	A	M	E
S	T	A	I	N	E	S	D	A	R	W	E	N
E	S	S	E	X	K	E	L	E	E	D	S	
N	E	A	T	H	A	Y	R	S	E	R	E	C

## NOTES

Across: 1. Do(mina)tes. 9. Arks (Ksar\*). 13. Land-or. 14. T(rain)ce. 15. Co-stander. 17B. Baal(amb). 18. (N)ettles. 21. Place (Capel in Surrey, South of Dorking). 22. Shelton. 23. Wee. 25R. Ley. 27R. Atones(stroke). 29. Etchers retches. 32R. (Rev)erie. 33. Seaport (Proteas\*). 36R. Listener. 38. Meath. 40. Sestina (Seven Seas). 45. Warned (Warden\* by A. Trollope). 47. Sexes. 48. Deles (Selde\*). 49. Th(an)e. 50. Ray. 51R. Scree(d) (Ceres near Cupar, Fifeshire).

Down: 1. Mad(e) (dame\*). 3. Inn-isfree. 4R. J. C. Bossidy. 7. Ni(Gre)ce. 24. 3 meanings. 26. Le(gum)e. 28. Two meanings. 32. Rees\*. 35. Wares\*. 37. Siat-rum. 39. Deem\*. 42. A.S.A.

\* = anagram

Prizewinners: 1st prize: K. H. Dixey (Boscombe); 2nd prize: N. McMillan (London, W.C.1); 3rd prize: T. W. Melliush (London, S.E.24)

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